

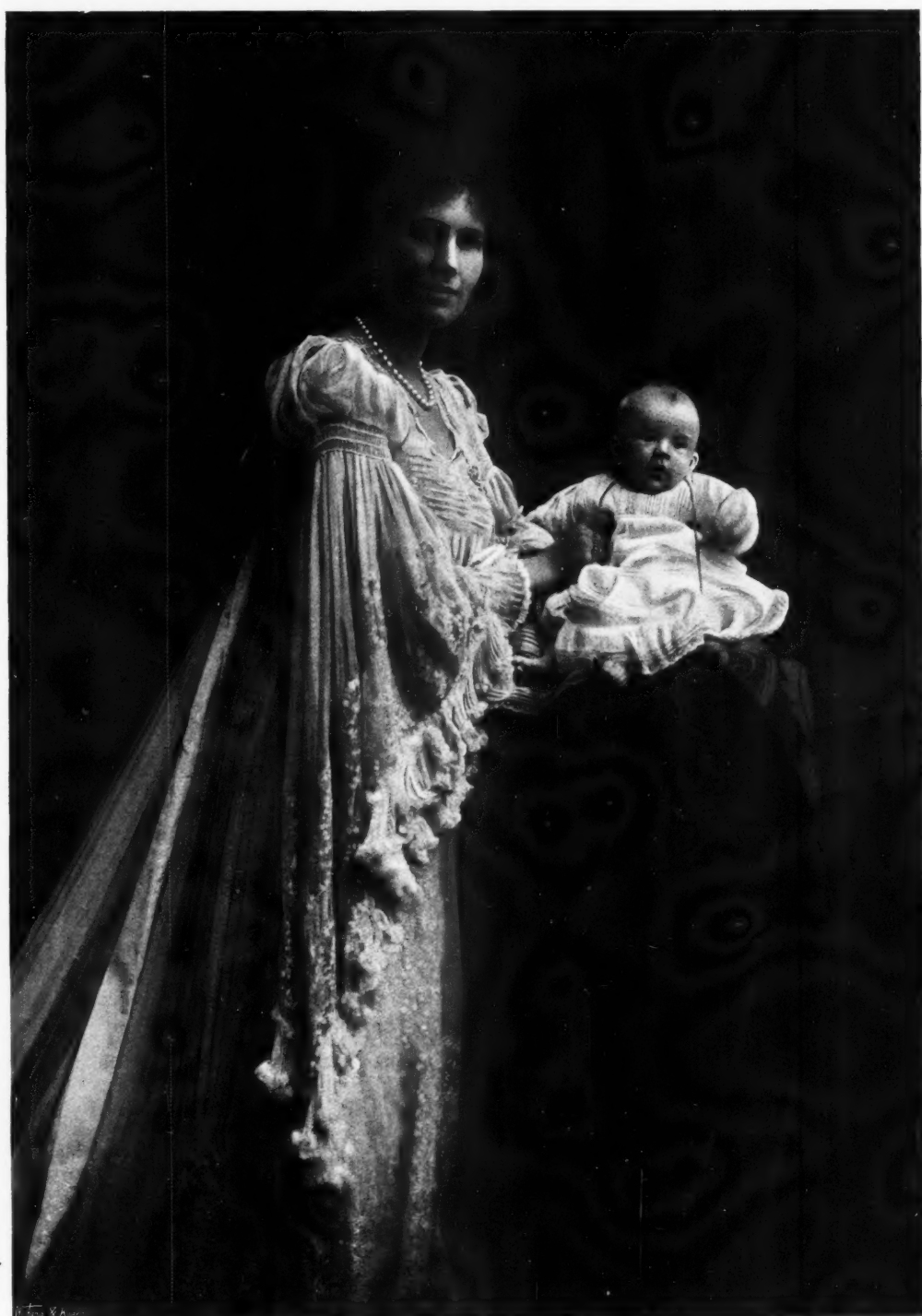
# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XX.—No. 498.

[REGISTERED AT THE  
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, JULY 21st 1906.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.  
BY POST, 6½D.]



SPEAIGHT.

LADY CRICHTON AND HER DAUGHTER.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## THE MEDICAL INSPECTION OF SCHOOLS.

TO the ordinary man the debates in the House of Commons are, as a rule, uninteresting. They represent a tangle of parties, in which each member keeps thumping away for his own side, without much idea beyond that of achieving a party victory. But there are rare moments, that come like a glint of sunshine in a troubled sky, when party issues are not at stake, and the question before the House is considered purely on its merits. In circumstances like this we always think the House of Commons is at its best. In a party fight, both sides, to the embarrassed looker-on, seem to be extreme and intolerant. They fight for the mere party advantage, and very often without expressing any sincere conviction of their own. But the other night, when the question of the medical inspection of schools came up, all this bitterness was laid aside, and the subject was treated as one of importance by men of exceptional intelligence and ability. It is a question that has thrown out long feelers on every side, and there was no reason whatever for the apology with which Mr. Balfour attempted to explain his discursiveness. The point he had been arguing was that of national deterioration, and in reality it was thoroughly germane to the point at issue. No man of moderate knowledge would attempt to dogmatise too strongly on the subject. We have no figures that will settle it conclusively. The mere statistician is accustomed to argue on the greatly decreased death-rate, and the consequent increase in the average life, but to that a strong reply is forthcoming. Medical science has proved itself able to rescue a number of invalids from diseases that used to be considered hopeless, and also to prolong the life of the feeble and ailing. This would, of course, tend to strengthen the idea that life was lived under healthier conditions, while all the time it was in reality only a consequence of staving death off for the moment from the ailing.

These figures in themselves will not convince. Frankly speaking, we share to the full Mr. Balfour's scepticism as to the alleged deterioration of national physique, and we base our opinion on facts that cannot very well be set forth in figures.

One of these is the increased love of open air and of out-of-door exercises. It extends to all ranks of society, from him who is able to run an expensive motor to the poorest clerk or mechanic who has acquired a bicycle on the instalment system. Games of all kinds in the open air are much more widely popular than they used to be. We know that there are more City men who shoot, more who play golf and tennis, and more who fish than there used to be. If we betake ourselves to popular resorts on a Bank Holiday we find that there is much less loafing and drinking than used to be the case. Coconut shying is forsaken, and it is found that even the poorest have developed a love for an intelligent enjoyment of the country. Furthermore, anyone who goes either to the town or to the village will find that the drainage, the disposal of refuse, and the water supply are much better attended to than they were in the latter half of the reign of Queen Victoria. Epidemic diseases are not so frequent, and some of them have almost disappeared. These changes, if there were no other, would be sufficient in themselves to cause an improvement in the national physique. Opposed to them we have the fact that more people are gathered together in towns, and that certain diseases not only flourish in the slums, but are transmitted from the parent to the child. Yet when all this is taken into account it is probable that the balance will remain on the right side.

As we have said, Mr. Balfour's apology showed his fear that the members of the House of Commons would not recognise the bearing of all this upon the question of medical inspection in schools. As a matter of fact, the two subjects are not only united, they are bound up in one. If, when Mr. Forster's Act was passed, medical inspection of schools had been insisted upon, we should now have been in possession of statistics that would have settled many vexed questions. The feeble and ailing will always be with us, and those who are arguing in favour of national deterioration will never lack the means of illustration; but the real question is whether the number of those who are feeble is increasing or decreasing. Exact figures would enable us to compare the children of this generation with the children of those who have gone before us. It would do more. There are certain exercises that have been introduced into schools in recent times, of which the physical effect is not clearly apprehended. For example, it was found in Germany that many of the exercises involved in the Kindergarten system placed too great a strain on the eyes of young children. It would, therefore, be of the very greatest importance to be able to make an exact comparison between the number of children whose eyesight was affected at one time and those who suffered in the same way at another. Another point frequently brought forward is that the teeth of young children are seriously injured by the habit of consuming sweets that are so easily obtainable owing to the abundance of the supply of sugar. But then it is so easy to go into a school and form an impression that may be erroneous. The only satisfactory answer to the question we have indicated would be found by placing side by side the figures relating to one period and those of another. This is one side of the controversy; the other is that those who examine the schools from a medical standpoint would be able at once to spot certain children who ought not to be there at all. The working fathers and mothers of many poor families cannot be expected to give that close attention to their children which would come naturally enough from those who were less troubled about the means of maintaining their own existence, and, accordingly, it often happens that children who are afflicted in a way that really ought to incapacitate them from entering a school are sent there along with the others. As one of the speakers in the debate said, a little expenditure at the beginning would save a great deal of subsequent outlay in lunatic asylums, workhouses, homes, and other refuges and asylums for the unfit. Nor would the expense be of a magnitude that need call upon them to take it into consideration. Medical inspection costs very little indeed in the United States, and it can be carried out here at a cost that would be represented by a very small fraction of a penny in the pound. The unanimity with which opposing sides of the House of Commons agreed upon the advisability of attempting it is itself a striking testimony to the cogency of the argument which we have endeavoured to set before our readers.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Crichton and her daughter. Lady Crichton is a daughter of the first Duke of Westminster, and married in 1903 Captain Viscount Crichton, D.S.O., the eldest son of the Earl of Erne.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY NOTES.



ONE of the most important events of the week was the explanation by Mr. Haldane of his new Army scheme. We cannot discuss its merits here, because that would lead us on to controversial ground, but in regard to one aspect of the case there is little room for difference of opinion. Men of all parties regret that those who have served their country as soldiers should be under a traditional slur that is an obstacle to their obtaining employment afterwards. No doubt the stigma was partially removed by the steps that were taken after the South African War, but the report of Sir Edward Ward and his colleagues of the Committee on the Civil Employment of ex-Soldiers and Sailors once more attracts attention to it. They have drawn up a well-considered scheme by means of which all the different agencies would be welded together under the control of the Government, so that the deserving soldier would be tolerably certain of being provided for. There are situations he can fill with credit in the Post Office, in the banks, under local authorities, and as a constable. It is of very great importance to the country that when the soldier enlists he should be aware that efforts will be made to provide him with means of earning a respectable livelihood after he has served his allotted time.

The old rule *de mortuis* has been well observed in the case of Mr. Alfred Beit, around whom raged many controversies during his lifetime. He had the distinction of having made himself one of the richest men in the world. We notice that one at least of his obituaries gives thirty millions as the extent of his fortune. It was made in a land that during our time, we might almost say since the beginning of history, has been the theatre of much contention, and at one time Mr. Beit's name was often on the lips of those who took objection to the South African War, which it was the fashion then among certain classes of society to denominate as a war of millionaires. But for the majority of the people who spoke of him thus Mr. Beit possessed a very shadowy personality. It was not known how modest and retiring he was in his habits, and how kindly and generous in his disposition. In truth, the virtues of the man have only been revealed to the great majority of the world at his death. On the morning when the event became known the newspapers of every kind and degree united to pronounce upon him the warmest eulogies.

In history the name of Alfred Beit is likely to be long coupled with that of him who at one time was his companion, Cecil Rhodes. Since the death of the latter he has carried on much of his beneficent work. Some four years ago he made a tour through Rhodesia, every step of which was marked by the removal of some grievance or the initiation of a useful movement. He was a philanthropist, but of the desirable kind which lets not the right hand know what the left hand doeth. Yet some of his acts have become public property. He gave to Johannesburg a park of 200 acres, and to the Transvaal Government he presented the Frankenwald estate of 3,000 acres. He endowed the Chair of Colonial History at Oxford, and he gave £25,000 to the Institute of Medical Sciences fund at the University of London, and £4,000 to Guy's Hospital. As late as last March he presented £100,000 to Hamburg for the establishment of a university. Thus it can never be said that Mr. Beit failed to recognise the responsibilities of great wealth. He could die with the

consciousness that he had been of use to his fellow-men, nor was that use confined to his direct benefactions. His enterprise and financial genius called into existence armies of workmen, and produced an immeasurable effect on South Africa. His life is typical of the romance that belongs to our time. Beginning with only a very slight capital, by his own exertion and his own cleverness he amassed the immense sums possessed by him at his death. Nor were they the gatherings of a long life. Mr. Beit was born in 1853, so that he passed away at an age when a statesman is considered to be in the prime of life.

## ELFLAND DREAMS.

Under a willow  
By the stream,  
Grass for her pillow,  
And scents of the wild  
Wafted about her, a woodland child  
Lies adream.  
  
If we shake her  
Delicate arm,  
If we wake her,  
Lost maybe  
All the splendour of faerie,  
Fled the charm!  
  
Elves will weave her  
Chaplets bright;  
Let us leave her  
Till she wake,  
Till from opening eyelids break  
Elfin light.

ARCHIBALD FOX.

Lady Gwendolen Cecil has been delivering herself of certain thoughtful and suggestive opinions about the question of providing cottages for the rural poor. She at least possesses the merit of stating the problem in exact terms. In Hertfordshire, according to her, the minimum wage of the agricultural labourer is 15s. No doubt Lady Gwendolen is well informed on the subject, but we fancy that this sum would represent not only what the labourer receives, but many of his indirect payments. The majority certainly do not get more than 15s. paid over to them weekly in hard cash. Out of that sum she considers that a labourer may spend from 2s. 6d. to 3s. a week on rent. The proportion is much higher than would be thought prudent in the well-to-do middle classes, where it is a common and sound tradition that no man is justified in spending more than from a twelfth to a tenth of his income on house rent. A man earning £500 a year, however, would naturally be found in a house rented at £50, and probably then he would think he was paying as much as he could afford. What the labourer pays through England has been averaged and brought out at about 1s. 6d., and this is nearer the correct proportion.

However, taking Lady Gwendolen's figures, let us see what they mean. Half-a-crown a week would be £6 10s. a year, and it is certain that a cottage cannot be put up for less than £150. We hope not many people are going to try to erect them at that price, because they are unlikely to be either durable or comfortable. Six pounds ten shillings, however, on a capital outlay of £150, is only a little over 4 per cent., and even if 5 per cent. were obtained, as Lady Gwendolen Cecil suggests, the return would not be a commercial one. It is the custom—and a very bad one, we think—for the owners of these cottages to pay the rates, and they are also expected to do the repairs. After this has been done, and allowances made for bad tenants and the losses incidental to cottage-owning, the return would be filtered away to less than nothing. It is a much more sensible proceeding to give land with the cottage, and to place the rent on both. In this way a more satisfactory dwelling can be erected, and, of course, a more satisfactory rent paid for it.

Stepney Borough Council has risen in its might to protect the public from being poisoned by impure or adulterated food. It is calling upon its inspectors to look more closely than ever into the quality of the beverage delivered by the confiding milkman. Steps are to be taken for testing canned food sold in this quarter of London. Hitherto it has been the custom to distribute that portion of tinned goods which the grocers label doubtful. Henceforth, if the Stepney Council has its way, no doubtful food will be legally sold in shops unless its purity can be guaranteed and established. The example is one that we hope will be followed by other local governing bodies in London, as it is evident how much energetic measures are required to obtain pure food for the public.

The condition of the labour market is always something of a puzzle. Agitators are in the habit of representing it as depressed, and keeping the question of unemployment continually before the public. On the other hand, the facts brought before



us by statisticians are, almost without exception, encouraging in their nature. The Board of Trade, for example, is certainly not under the influence of the employers of labour. On the contrary, objection has been taken that it derives too many of its facts from informants who are officially connected with trade unions. The figures which it publishes, therefore, ought to be encouraging. They show that employment was slightly better in June than in May, and much better during last month than in the corresponding one of last year. The trade returns tell the same tale, so that we are almost obliged to come to the conclusion that those people who are making trouble in Manchester and elsewhere are more accurately described as work-shy than out of work.

A movement to which it is possible to give the most cordial and unreserved support is that initiated by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, and generally known as the F.A.F., or the Fresh Air Fund. The main object is to discover the children in the poorest quarters, not of London alone, but of all the great towns in the United Kingdom, and to give them a day in the country. The expense of doing this has been brought within very moderate limits. The children are usually taken in parties of 200 at a time, and the prolonged experience of the organisers has shown that the amount required to meet the expenses is £8 2s. This is not a large sum with which to purchase a day's enjoyment for 200 poor children, and we have very great pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to it as a most kindly and useful form of charity.

The proposal that has been made to the United States Congress in regard to copyright may be premature in a sense, because opinion does not seem ripe for it, but those who have given the subject their attention will support it. The proposal is to make copyright extend to fifty years after the author's death, which is a very great advance on the law as it stands in Great Britain at the present moment. The writer of a book is surely as much the creator of artistic wealth as the sculptor who chisels a fine bust or the painter who produces a great picture. But how would any other artist feel if told that a short time after his death his heirs would have no further right to benefit by his productions, and that the pieces of sculpture or painting became common property. The only essential difference is that the one copy produced by the chisel or the brush is unique, and, though it may be photographed or reproduced in some other way, still the essential value lies in the first example, whereas everything that is in a book may be copied, and the first edition usually is of no value except in the eyes of the collector; but why this should be alleged as a reason for confiscating the property that has often been produced with the blood and tears of an artist working through long years, it is very hard to see. The miserable pensions which are sometimes given to authors who have fallen on evil days are a very inadequate compensation indeed for the taking away from their heirs the value of the work they have often accomplished at the cost of their lives.

In France they are having the same difficulties over spelling reform which we have here, and the commission appointed to consider the subject has made some drastic proposals. It is suggested, for instance, that the letter "y" shall be suppressed whenever it is pronounced as "i," as in "cristal"; that "s" shall take the place of "x" in such plurals as "chevaux"; that the superfluous "h" shall be dropped in such words as "rétorique" and "têatre"; that the French for egg shall be "euf"; that "paon" shall be written "pan," and "prend" shall be "prent," and "dizième" shall be written instead of "dixième," and "exposicion" instead of "exposition." No doubt there is a certain amount of logic in these changes, but the same objection applies to them as to the similar changes that have often been suggested in this country. An adoption of them would make of the French classics dead languages. Who would like to see Molière, or Rabelais, or Montaigne printed in this execrable fashion?

Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey has had his return match with the professional golfer. Once more he tried the Turkish bow against the golf club, the latter being wielded by a skilled hand. In the return match he did not, as on the previous occasion, concede points to his opponent, but the struggle was on equal terms. Appropriately enough, the contest ended in a drawn game. Hunter was dorny at the sixteenth, but at the eighteenth hole they were all even. The match was very amusing. Of course, if Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey had been a skilled golfer, he could have won easily, as no one can drive with a golf club as far as he could shoot an arrow. It was always in the short game that he lost ground.

It would appear that the prophecy in the old nursery rhyme, "Hark! hark! the dogs do bark, the beggars are coming to London town," is in the way of being fulfilled. A gang of German gipsies, having landed at Leith some weeks ago, and not being able to procure a livelihood in this country, or to get themselves

transported to their place of origin, have conceived the idea of following the example of the unemployed, and marching upon London. We are afraid, however, that they are doing so on false expectations. It is bad enough to have London made a place of pilgrimage for those who are out of work, but we can sympathise with them to some extent because they are of our own blood. It is quite otherwise with those destitute aliens who have come to Great Britain only because Continental law was too stringent. The best thing that can happen in their case is that some rich compatriot should provide funds wherewith to carry them back to their place of starting. We have enough and to spare of the destitute with us already.

In an adjoining space to this will be found some extremely pretty verses by Miss Clare E. Creed. With the lines she sent the following notes, which not only illumine the poetry, but are in themselves interesting and suggestive. As Monks and Friars were the earliest physicians of Europe, so they were also the first botanists. The origin of provincial and popular names for plants is a fascinating study, and sometimes a clue to their origin is found by comparing them with the Saints' days or Church festivals near which they flower. This seems to prove that these names were given by the Monks. For example, "Herb Robert" flowers April 9th, St. Robert's Day; "The Passion Flower" is in full bloom on Holy Rood Day, September 14th. It is curious to notice how the ancient names were not only changed, but in this change all references to religious subjects were carefully left out. For example, "Flower of St. Louis" was named "Iris."

#### THE CHRISTIAN NAMES OF FLOWERS.

That Monks and Friars in the days of yore  
Were gardeners and botanists, we know,  
They culled the names from Christian lore  
That they gave to the herbs and flowers, I trow.

The Cuckoo Flower in her lilac frock,  
The Traveller's Joy with its creamy flower,  
The first they christened "Our Lady's Smock,"  
The second was named "Our Lady's Bower."  
The Snowdrops, whose white leaves, green veins vary,  
Was yeleft "Our Lady of February."

Daisies which with jewels our meadows set,  
The velvety Heartsease, whose faces three  
Make holy emblem; "Herb St. Margaret"  
Daisies are; Heartsease are "Herb Trinity."  
The golden flower, Daffodowndilly,  
From the time it blows "The Lenten Lily."

"St. Bartholomew's Star" was the Sunflower's brave  
Christian name till the Reformation,  
When, like other names the Old Monks gave,  
Its name underwent a transformation.  
Most flowers suffered then; only a few  
Are left unburdened with a title new.

In gardens olden where I often rove,  
Bloom Rose Mary, Marygold, and Monkshood,  
Which still are called by the names I love,  
Given to them by these gardeners good.

CLARE E. CREED.

When the Salisbury accident happened it is no exaggeration to say that the majority of Englishmen would rather that the victims had been their own people. It added greatly to the sadness of the calamity that they were not only strangers, but strangers from the land with which, above all others, we wish to cultivate good relations. Yet the inquest and verdict do not leave much chance for self-reproach. It was emphatically the pace that killed. A new driver, who was perfectly qualified for his task, but had never had full charge of an engine on the road before, finding the train to be a minute late, put on too much speed, with the result that at a critical moment the train was derailed. It was a most regrettable occurrence, but the railway company, with a courage and frankness much to be admired, immediately took the responsibility upon themselves. No doubt in future they will caution their drivers, and steps will be taken to avoid a recurrence of an accident of this kind. The most singular thing is that the accident should be only one of many that occurred in locomotion almost at the same time.

Some of the papers are saying, but it is not easy to find on what good authority, that the present year is the centenary of the "Gentlemen v. Players" cricket match, the first match being played in 1806. It is true that this is the date given in Charles Box's book on cricket, whencesoever its author may have extracted it, as the first year of the "Gentlemen v. Players"; but Mr. Pycroft, in "The Cricket Field," puts back the date eight years earlier, writing thus: "In this year (1798) these gentlemen aforesaid"—Lord F. Beauclerk and the Hon. H. and I. Tufton—"made the first attempt at a match between the Gentlemen and the Players; and on this first occasion the



players won, though . . . the Gentlemen had three players given," etc. Those who argue in favour of 1806 being the date of the first match cannot object to this previous match on account of the "three players given," for players were thus given, to aid the gentlemen, both in 1806 and in many subsequent matches; nor can it be claimed that 1806 is the date from which the matches began to be played annually without a break, for this was not the case. The year 1798 was the date, almost certainly, of the first match of the kind.

We have almost more than enough in the way of description of the effects of the San Franciscan earthquake on cities and houses. A correspondent, who has just returned from a fishing trip in the mountains, sends us an account of its tremendous disruptive force as seen from rather a different point of view. "The destruction in San Francisco or at Stanford University," he writes, "seems as nothing compared with its effects on the mountain sides, which have huge cracks, three or four hundred feet from summit to base, and all the slide slipped into the creek, damming the stream and changing its course completely. Great red-wood trees, six and eight feet in diameter, some uprooted and others snapped off twenty and thirty feet from the base, all tumbled about like a handful of spillikins. I saw a huge tree standing with its top buried in the slide, and its roots stuck up in the air. These cracks in the mountain side are in the form of V-shaped crevasses, the bottom being in some instances not less than two hundred to three hundred feet wide, and the vertex of the V on top of the mountains. In a

house, or rather what once was a house, near the summit, is a grand piano standing right up on its end."

One of the subjects which is taking up public attention at the present moment is that of the motor-omnibuses which have begun to ply in our streets and on our highways. The objections to them are twofold. In the first place, so many accidents have occurred recently that it is no wonder if the public are somewhat scared. Yet one does not like to take the alarmist view too seriously. With a new invention, the working of which is not yet perfectly understood, it is almost certain that accidents will occur. Just as it would have been a misfortune if the early promoters of railways had been deterred by the explosions and other mishaps that occurred, so it would be a pity if the newest form of locomotion were strangled in its birth because of these accidents happening. The other objection is that in the streets these omnibuses are an unmitigated nuisance. They are so noisy, and they smell so fearfully, that the ordinary citizen does not like to be in their neighbourhood.

Those of our readers who are interested in pheasant-breeding will find matter for thought in the very interesting letter from Mr. Pycraft which appears in our "Correspondence" page. In the covering letter with which he sent it Mr. Pycraft refers to his discovery with characteristic modesty. "It may not, of course, turn out to be a discovery at all," he says, "but the matter seems to be of sufficient importance to bring it to the notice of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE." Pheasant-breeders will certainly agree with this statement.

## HAWK MOTH CATERPILLARS.—I.

THESE few notes on the hawk moths of Great Britain have been written with the intention of eradicating, as far as possible, the prevalent feeling among the non-entomological world, that there is one, and only one, hawk moth. As a matter of fact, there are seventeen acknowledged species in this group of moths (the Sphingidæ of Science), the majority of which are indigenous. Some species are, however, most certainly immigrants, and, indeed, never breed in this country.

The "hawks" have always been a very favourite speciality of the young lepidopterist, not only on account of their large size, but also because of their most beautiful coloration and graceful contour. The caterpillars of these beautiful creatures are, however, also most pleasing to the eye, and, indeed, may well vie with the imagines themselves. Superficially, their most constant criterion is the presence of a curved caudal appendage, the "tail" of popular nomenclature. The Death's-head (*Manduca atropos*) is our largest British moth, but, unfortunately, its claim to be considered indigenous is fallacious, as it is undoubtedly an immigrant. The caterpillar is frequently found in Britain, however, feeding principally on the cultivated potato (*Solanum tuberosum*), but also on other plants, such as bittersweet (*Solanum dulcamara*), deadly nightshade (*Atropa belladonna*), and other



H. Dollman.

DEATH'S-HEAD MOTHS.

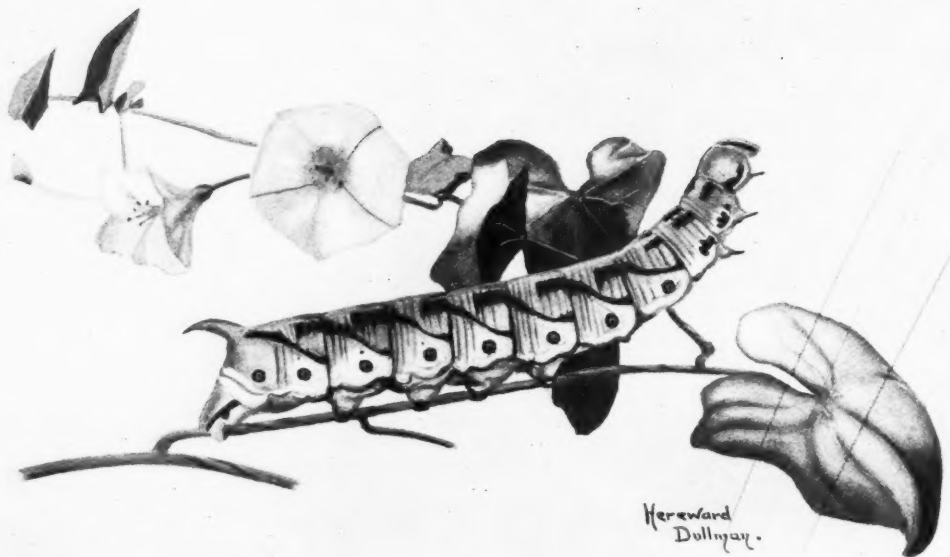
Copyright.

*Solanaceæ* and *Oleaceæ*, etc. The caterpillars are often met with by farm labourers when the "taters" are being dug, and are held in great awe by such folk and nominated by various designations, such as "tater-dogs." When fully mature, the caterpillar is pure yellow in colour, but in the earlier stages of its metamorphosis it is green. In coloration, however, this species is liable to considerable variation, some examples having been found of an olive grey, or even dark brown. This somewhat diverse system of coloration has, in all probability, a very strong protective value, inasmuch as the time of appearance of the caterpillar is in the autumn months, when russet browns and yellows are to the forefront among the foliage of plants. An interesting phenomenon in connection with this larva is its power of making a distinct, and probably protective, noise. This noise somewhat resembles the "crackling" of an electric spark, and has been traced to the rubbing of one mandible against the other, each mandible being provided with an especially modified raised protuberance, by means of which the sound is produced frictionally. The well-known "cry" of the moth itself is of quite a different nature, being a plaintive squeak, and also having

quite a different origin. Though the Death's-head Caterpillar is not generally taken in numbers, instances are on record where it has been extremely profuse, stripping entire potato-fields of their

foliage, and only leaving the tough primary stems. Such occurrences are, however, very exceptional, a fact which a farmer may be most grateful for, but which I fear some lepidopterists would dearly wish to be more frequent.

Another of our migrant "hawks" is the *Convolvulus Hawk* (*Agrius convolvuli*), which is also not a resident, but only a migrant. The caterpillar shown in our second illustration is a worthy one for so fine a moth, being an almost perfect combination of subtle strength and grace, qualities for which the imago is notorious. The latter makes spontaneous migrations from warmer climes to our own country at indefinite periods. Such migrations often consist of a very large number of individuals, the last influx to this country being in 1901, when the species was most prolific. Examples which visit England in the summer deposit their eggs at an early date, from which a second brood is produced in September or October. This latter brood die without oviposition, owing to the fact that the species requires to have been some time on wing, and also to have partaken of a considerable amount of food before it is capable of depositing its eggs. For this reason the *convolvulus hawk* fails to obtain a permanent foothold in this country. The caterpillar is dimorphic, being either green or brown, though the pattern on each form is similar. It feeds



CATERPILLAR OF CONVULVULUS HAWK MOTH.

principally on the field bindweed (*Convolvulus arvensis*), but is also found on the large white convolvulus (*Convolvulus sepium*), and other *Convolvulaceæ*, *Geraneaceæ*, etc. When irritated the caterpillar can expel from its mouth a quantity of green fluid, presumably with the intention of alarming the irritator.

A far more common species than either of those I have yet mentioned is the *Privet Hawk* (*Sphinx ligustri*), the beautiful caterpillar of which is familiar to most of us, be we entomologists or not.

The first caterpillar in the third illustration represents *S. ligustri* in one of its most characteristic attitudes, the "Sphinx" attitude, from which the generic name is obtained. In black and white justice cannot be done to this creature, inasmuch as its beauty is to a large extent dependent on its coloration, the velvety green body colour forming a superb contrast to the crimson and white oblique lines. It feeds principally on privet (*Ligustrum vulgare*), as both its popular and scientific name would suggest, but it also affects *syringa*, ash (*Fraxinus excelsior*), guelder rose (*Viburnum opulus*), holly (*Ilex*), etc. The caterpillar, especially when young, affords a good example of protective resemblance, harmonising well with the colour of its pabulum, especially in the case of ash. Immediately prior to pupation, which is subterranean, the green colour of the caterpillar changes to a dirty reddish brown, the cause of which is generally thought to be assimilation with its surroundings—green when on green shrubs, brown when on sombre-coloured earth—but this hypothesis is not too sound. My objection to it is that in Nature privet does not grow on dark-coloured flower-beds, but among green herbage, when the necessity for the change of colour as a means of protection becomes invalid. More probably the change has some connection with the breaking down of the tissues of the larva previous to the formation of the inert pupa. The caterpillar is to be found in August and September, and is common in the Southern and Midland Counties, but rare in the West and North, and practically absent from Scotland and Ireland.

In the same plate at the bottom is shown the caterpillar of the *Spurge Hawk* (*Hyles euphorbiæ*), one of our most distinct and rare *Heterocera*. This species does not seem to have been taken on our shores for nearly three-quarters of a century, if we exempt a few uncertain records of the capture of single examples on one or two occasions. It would seem probable that never again will this much-prized rarity fall to the lot of an English lepidopterist, unless perchance it be an odd specimen migrated from foreign shores. The caterpillar is rendered most distinctive by the red dorsal line, and yellow dorso-lateral and lateral spots, which stand in strong relief against the dark body colour. Probably it is this very prominence of coloration which has played a large part in the extermination



PRIVET AND SPURGE HAWK.

of the species, as the colour is, apparently, not "warning colour," the caterpillars seeming very delectable. The food plants consist of various species of spurge (*Euphorbiaceæ*), which they devour with extreme rapaciousness, both by night and day. These caterpillars also have the power of ejecting an acrid green fluid from their mouths when alarmed, which they can throw a considerable distance by a sharp jerk of the thoracic segments.

The next three species are extremely rare in Great Britain, and as it is very improbable that they will be met with at all, a passing note on their food plants will be sufficient, and we will dismiss them. Firstly, *Hippotion celerio*, an undoubted migrant from some extra-European continent, a rare visitant indeed; but sometimes to be taken hovering over flowers, or even attracted by artificial light. The caterpillar feeds on vines, fuchsias, and a few other less abundant plants, and is found in Britain in October and November. *Phryxus livornica*, another of our

rare hawks, though not so rare as *Hippotion celerio*, is always thought to be a prize by the lepidopterist. This species is also an immigrant, sometimes migrating from its mother country in large numbers, but with a considerable period of time between each migration. The caterpillar is practically polyphagous, *Galium*, *Rumex*, *Polygonum*, *Scabiosa*, and very many other plants being favoured by it. The last species of this small group of rarities is *Celerio gallii*, and extremely rare this hawk moth is.

Immigrant examples appear in Britain in July and August; the eggs from these produce a second brood in August and September, which, however, do not emerge until the following spring, and usually perish during their hibernation. The caterpillar chiefly feeds on the various "bedstraws" (*Galium verum*, *G. mollugo*, *G. aparine*), and occasionally also on *Epilobium angustifolium*, *Impatiens*, *Fuchsia*, etc.

## THE COMPLETE CARAVAN.

SINCE my first article on this subject appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE*, so many readers have written asking for additional information, that the Editor has invited me to put down a few further notes upon the question of caravan construction, and what I hold to be, as far as my experience has taught me, the essentials of a good caravan. I may say at once that there is ample scope for divergence of opinion upon that point. The caravan must depend upon the caravanner. If he wish to live on the same level of comfort to which he is accustomed at home, he may fit up his caravan with lavatories, a coal fire, electric light, and bookcases. I know of one who carried a piano of some two and a-half octaves, wherewith to make night hideous. But all these things, pleasant as they may be, mean weight—they mean slow, short journeys on good roads only, and they mean the employment of two or three horses.

Naturally, if one intends to live for several consecutive months in the caravan, and to camp for long periods in the same place, or if one plans to be out very early or very late in the season, additional warmth and comfort are necessary, and the added weight is of no great importance. But for ordinary touring I have always insisted upon lightness as the first necessity. For as soon as you allow the weight of your caravan to run to several tons, as many do, you are at once hampered in your movements, and forced to keep to the best roads. Now it must be borne in mind that from the caravanner's point of view the best road is often the worst. To toil among the dust and motors of the highway is poor sport indeed. For a caravan is essentially a thing of lanes and byeways, and hidden camps along the water-side, or in the heart of the wood. And it should be within our powers to



W. Muir.

### AT ANCHOR.

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make sporting marches by grass-grown roads, or take a track across the moor and ford the mountain streams through which it passes. I am not a believer in long journeys. The sport or record-breaking has no attractions for me; for the caravanner should never be in a hurry. And I insist upon a light caravan, not so much because one may cover more ground with it, as because of the larger and more attractive field of action which it opens up to us.

I have found that the only way really to satisfy one's self is to be one's own architect—to prepare detailed plans and specifications and put them in the hands of your coach-builder to carry out to the letter. If you give him a free hand, no matter

how you insist upon reduction of weight, though he will promise genially to do his best, when his best is done, and the caravan is finished and run on to the weighing machine, you will be bitterly disappointed. One must make one's own plans, and keep an eagle eye upon every detail of construction and equipment, cutting down a pound here and there wherever it is possible, to get a satisfactory result. I had on one occasion to send back the beds I had ordered no less than three times before I got them to my mind. The first set I received weighed, if I remember rightly, about 56lb. each, and those that I finally put in only 12lb. As there were four of them, this made an appreciable difference. They were of light spring mattresses on a wooden frame, resting upon angle-irons. I was assured that they were much too light to last; but they are



W. Muir.

### ON A MOORLAND TRACK.

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eight years old by now, and are still in good condition. With a little care weight may be cut down in every direction, and no detail is too small for consideration. A hair mattress 2in. thick is quite as comfortable as one of 4in. Tin pots and pans and kettles will serve you as well as iron ones. There is no reason why the top of a table should be more than  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. There is nothing more comfortable than a cane-bottomed chair, and there is no weight in that. A chest of drawers may weigh as much or as little as you like to make it. A curtain is lighter than a door.

If your caravan be built of  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. panels, with carriage wheels, and light strong springs and under-carriage, and carefully furnished as I have suggested, you will come nearer to the ideal of 20cwt. than to the inevitable two tons which is always quoted as a minimum. Let the interior be simple and convenient. Everything should be arranged so that one can lay one's hand upon it. There should be no unnecessary traffic back and forth. The cook should be able to reach his condiments and utensils without rising. The "housemaid" should be able to lay the table without disturbing operations in the kitchen. The linen press must be in the bedroom; writing board, maps, and bookshelf in the sitting-room. It means a vast gain in everyone's comfort in so small a space if one can reach what one needs without rising, and it will reduce to a minimum the amount of moving back and forth with its inevitable accompaniment of treading on the dog. A sound oil stove with two burners and an oven is an indispensable companion. I have always found cooking with such a one extremely easy and expeditious. With all the needful pots and pans to fit (I speak as a cook) one is able to turn out a five-course dinner for a crew of four. I cannot understand the necessity for a coal fire. I find that in cold weather an oil stove turned very low at night will warm the house sufficiently, with open windows. One cannot toast at it, it is true. But life is endurable without toast.

There is one final point that is perhaps worth mentioning. Wherever shelves in your cupboards run across the caravan—



Will Cadby.

A REAL GIPSY VAN.

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that is, at right angles to the shafts—it is well to have a little rim rising about half an inch upon the edge of them. I fancy the uninitiated will hardly guess the object of this. Yet it is simple enough. For if you do not adopt this precaution, and your cupboard door is left open, at the first steep hill you come to the force of gravity will assert itself, and you will find your goods and chattels on the floor. On a trial trip in a new caravan it is a good plan to provide yourself with a number of little rubber pads about the size of a three-penny bit. Wherever anything

creaks or bangs, or where doors or tables rattle against the wall, one of these should be tacked on, till all goes silently.

Among the illustrations is one of a real gipsy caravan—of a superior type. It cannot be denied that its appearance is picturesque. The wedge-like shape of it; its walls leaning out as they rise; the exquisite tracery of the overhanging eaves; the little chimney at the top, with its coy sun-bonnet—all combine to make a charming effect. But let us look at the inside, and we shall marvel at the constructive ingenuity which crowds all things together upon a narrow floor, while the extra space, which we must carry with us, and have a right to use, remains inoperative under the roof. Yet this caravan, I am told, was once the happy home of a father, mother, seven children, three dogs, and a parrot. After some months of drastic fumigation, it made comfortable summer quarters for two persons.

The minimum cost of privately-owned caravans of the elaborate type I have referred to is generally put at £200. Many cost much more than this. But you will find that a light, simple, and most comfortable caravan (a "serviceable waggon"—in the beautiful words of the advertisements), such as I have described in this and my former article, can be built and equipped with every possible necessity, crockery, stove, cooking utensils, linen, etc., for some £125. It will last for many years, and should provide you with a cheap and admirable holiday every summer.

There are many improvements that one would like to make, but, generally speaking, a gain in one direction is a loss in another. To add a further six inches to the length of one's beds



W. Muir.

A HALT AT THE TOP OF A PASS.

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would perhaps be a luxury, but one would have no opportunity of enjoying it, if the extra width of the caravan caused one to be jammed past recovery in the gate. A coal fire might enable us to lay on hot and cold water—at the cost of an extra horse. And our chimney may go flying when it comes in contact with an overhanging branch. It is at best an imperfect world. There remains the caravan of one's dreams—the unattainable. She is light as a feather, elegant as a yacht, spacious withal. She moves without a murmur on her rubber tyres, silently as a billiard ball. She takes heart-breaking hills in her stride. She is warm in winter, cool in summer. She carries only two passengers, myself and another, who shall be the perfect caravanner. She never sinks on soft ground, or comes to rest at night with a "list" to either side. She turns through narrow gates with a perfect precision; and one sound horse of sixteen hands trots with her forty miles a day. BERTRAM SMITH.

### THE VAGARIES OF THE GREENFINCH.

THE locality chosen for the breeding season is plainly made evident by the action of the male greenfinch from the time that the site of the nest is selected until the needs of the young brood require his time and attention. Among the birds cited by White of Selborne, in a letter to the Hon. Daines Barrington, as being easily distinguished "by their air, as well as by their colour and shape," the greenfinch is mentioned. "Some birds," he writes, "have movements peculiar to the season of pairing; thus ring-doves, though strong and rapid at other times, yet in the spring hang about on the wing in a toying and playful manner, and the greenfinch in particular exhibits such languishing and faltering gestures as to appear like a wounded and dying bird." This is a very good description of the aerial vagaries of greenfinches, which make them so noticeable in the early breeding-time. Whether from thus making himself conspicuous he secures two mates for the nesting season, instead of following the usual monogamous habit of other species of our smaller birds, or

greens, during the bright mornings of early May, and from the somewhat larger size and brighter colour of one of them they were evidently two hens and a cock. The latter indulged in the circling and "languishing" flight, with outstretched wings, around the tops of ilex and bay trees, making himself look almost as large as a thrush by extending feathers all over his body, puffing



B. Smith.

EASY GOING.

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out the throat, and expanding the tail. Then one of the roughly-constructed nests was started in a cypress, growing close up to the eaves of a garden-shed, and appeared to become an absorbing interest. Then another was commenced in the branches of a crimson rambler, which was trained over a trellis near at hand. From the first venture a brood of five fledgelings took wing and passed away to the adjacent fields. The eggs of the other more openly situated nest were, like so many similarly exposed, sucked by some thievish bird.

Mr. Frank Knight, in his most pleasing book "A Corner in Arcady," accuses the missel-thrush of being the perpetrator of these acts of robbery. The shells are evidently pierced by beaks

less in size than those of rook, magpie, and jay. Yet this sturdy thrush has not before been suspected of such gross depredation among the feathered tribe; indeed, his nest has oftentimes been the first in the year to suffer such havoc. But another nursery was soon constructed by the greenfinches, this time closely hidden in the thick foliage of a yew tree, the young being hatched about the time that the brood flew from the first nest. How the mutual parent was able to distribute his services at this period it was difficult to observe, but much of his time was spent near his younger progeny. The notes of the greenfinch are somewhat harsh, but, nevertheless, cheerful and sprightly. If a cat should cross his domain the fact is soon notified to all his neighbours. The monotonous little ditty, which may with some stretch of imagination be called a song, is oft repeated. The greenfinch takes readily to confinement if captured in winter when food is scarce, and soon learns to perch on a human finger and take hemp



W. Muir.

DESCENDING A HILL ON A DUSTY DAY.

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whether the larger proportion of females, which is very evident in the large flocks which congregate on stubbles and around corn-stacks in winter, brings about this result, is a moot question; but that such a bigamous alliance is not an uncommon one has been observed in several localities. A trio of these birds were to be seen constantly together on a lawn, well surrounded by ever-

seed from between the lips of persons to whom it is accustomed. During hard weather large flocks of greenfinches visit Sussex from the Northern and Midland Counties, to fall a ready prey to the clap-nets of the fowler. During the last few seasons hundreds of dozens have been shipped across to the Continent, where it is said they are sold as larks for the table.



## THE TENT-DWELLERS OF ALGERIA.

OF the four millions of people inhabiting Algeria, now firmly welded under French rule, seven-eighths are Mahomedans. Arabs, Berbers, and Kabyles differ ethnologically, as well as in their customs and mode of life, but their religious persuasion presents complete uniformity, upon which Christian proselytism has made no impression. The descendants of the conquerors and the descendants of the conquered are equally attached to the orthodox Maleki rite. Perhaps of all the races of Algeria the Kabyles of Kabylia—the mountain region of the Littoral—are the most interesting, and certainly French authorities look forward hopefully to their assimilation with themselves. They have little or no resemblance to the Arabs, who are largely mixed with Moorish blood, and their fair skins and hair (the latter sometimes red), with blue eyes, give them what we are pleased to call an European appearance. The Kabyles—*kabila* is the Arabic for “tribes”—are good farmers and cultivators,

civilisation, and remains wedded to the patriarchal life of the tribes since the time of Abraham. That alone must irritate the officials of a well-ordered government, which would naturally desire to see all its people well housed in the “chars” and “ksors,” as the two categories of villages are called, like the more tractable Berbers. But the Arab has not been weaned from his ancient ways. His tents are at one point to-day, but they are gone to-morrow, and the whole race observes, as if by some mysterious law, this practice of periodical migrations. It is said by those who are chary in condemnation, and find good in everything, that this nomadic life was decreed for sanitary reasons. The filthy habits of the Arabs made these changes essential as the only way of averting epidemics, and if there is reason for complaint now on this score, it is that the encampments are no longer changed with sufficient frequency. It is also represented that the soil would long ago have ceased to be productive but for the manuring that it has received through



M. Emil Frechon.

AN ENCAMPMENT IN A PALM GROVE.

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and have adopted many improvements from the French. They are also skilful workers in pottery, and in their manufacture of jewellery they reveal good taste as well as originality of design. They show traces of Phœnician, Greek, and Roman influences, and possibly of direct descent also; and some have seen in the practice of tattooing a cross on the faces or arms of their young girls a proof of the fact that Christianity had once upon a time gained a footing among them. The Kabyles are intensely patriotic, and the defence of their mountain tract has been the uppermost thought of the race since the Romans showed their respect by leaving them undisturbed. Of all the Kabyle tribes the best known now is the Zouawova, which has given the French army its Zouave contingent.

But our illustrations relate not to the Kabyle dwellers in “chars,” or villages, but to the Arabs who perpetuate their nomadic life in “dwars,” or tents. Moving from place to place as pasturage or water gives out, their encampments dot the barren interior of the great French province until the scrub gives place to sand, and the olive and palm groves disappear in the great waste of the Sahara. The French are not so hopeful about the Arabs as they are about the Kabyles. They have coined the proverb, “He who says Arab says thief,” but perhaps they are a little too severe. The Arab resists the encroachments of

the transfer of these encampments from one place to another over the whole of the province.

The Arab population of Algiers, and more particularly that portion which may be called tent-dwellers, are left a large measure of self-government under French rule. They are under the immediate supervision of their own kaid or chiefs, and justice is dispensed by the cadis or magistrates, who follow the Koran as much as the Code Napoléon. The French control comes in by nominating and holding personally responsible for good order and security of life these Arab officials, who value their authority so much that cases are rare of their forfeiting it. Most of these delegates of French authority are *Shorfa*, or reputed descendants of the Prophet, and have a right to be called *Sidi* or *Muley*. There is another important personage in the Arab community. This is the *Thaleb* or *Faki*, the schoolmaster who teaches the Koran and the rudiments in every group of tents. He often employs “*sabir*,” a lingo half French, half Araoic, of which visitors to an encampment get a sample when the children run out crying, “*Sordi mossou*” (“*sou monsieur*”), or “give me a halfpenny.”

No European has yet succeeded in penetrating the real secrets that invest tent-life with the charm that fascinates the Arab and Mongolian races for generation after generation.





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STRETCHES THE DESERT WITH ITS SHIFTING SAND, ITS UNIMPEDED SKY.

M. Emil Frechon.



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## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

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Colonel Villot—a French Richard Burton—has written a most instructive book on the manners, customs, and institutions of the Arabs of Algeria, but he is unable to offer any explanation beyond the hackneyed one of the longing for freedom from restraint and responsibility. There is certainly nothing very attractive to the eye about the Algerian dwar. It is made of "felidj," a mixture of wool and camel's hair, and, as our illustrations show, the furniture is scanty. The women do all the work, which, however, is not very heavy. Their principal task is

preparing the food, and the chief item in the daily diet of the Arab race is "couscous" or "taam," which the women make from semolina carefully pounded and granulated. It is their one constant occupation, and they may be seen at it at any hour. The work does not engross the attention, as it is carried on in the midst of the children at play, or while those who have prepared the food for their lords and masters are retailing the latest gossip. Now and then the head of the family will look on and express his approbation of the manner in which a favourite young wife turns the pestle, but, as a rule, the women and children are left alone while preparing the "couscous." Of course, women among the nomadic Arabs occupy the inferior position to the men that they do in all Mussulman countries, but there is less restraint on their movements than if they dwelt in towns. They are unveiled, and although when they meet Europeans in the vicinity of their camps they run away, or make a pretence of doing so, they are easily appeased, and then stand still while the foreigner passes along. Moreover, their elaborate head-dress, called the "haik," coming down on the neck and the shoulders, and tied under the chin, forms almost as effective a disguise as the veil, for a slight turn of the head is sufficient to conceal the features. As a rule, the women are not good-looking, and they age rapidly. Their dress is almost universally the close-fitting chemise, without sleeves, over which is worn a second long chemise coming to the ankles, with sleeves. The latter is generally of a showy flowered pattern, and, when working, the woman generally slips her arms out of the long chemise in order



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## AN ARAB FAMILY.

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PREPARING HER LORD AND MASTER'S MEAL

M. Emil Frechon.



to do what she has to do more freely. The women are always bare-footed, although sandals are part of their trousseau; but they are seldom seen without their ornaments—bracelets, earrings, necklaces, and sometimes anklets—which are worn for safety, because in tentland there are no jewel cases.

There is one peculiar distinction between Arab men and women in Algeria, and it will be considered by some as proof of the degraded position of the latter. When an Arab is ill he goes to his doctor, and Arab doctors, whether deservedly or not, have a high reputation. But when the Arab woman is ill she may not consult the medico. She must go to the "marabout," who is half a saint and half a magician. He does not retail medicines, but he utters a number of prayers, and then he writes one or more of them on a bit of paper, giving it to the patient with injunctions to chew it well and swallow it. He also supplies a little holy water out of a bottle, and the woman goes away fully believing that she will recover. One of the finest buildings in Algiers is the Mosque of Sidi Abd-ul-Rahman, the Prince of Marabouts, who flourished about 600 years ago. Those who know the Arabs best exonerate them from some of the charges most lightly and frequently brought against them.

It has been said that they do not respect the dead because they have no enclosed cemeteries, and because they select for the graves of their nearest and dearest solitary spots removed from their places of encampment. But this practice may be explained by other causes than absence of affection or respect for the dead. Certainly their vindicators have no difficulty in proving that the task of preparing the body for the grave is always performed by the members of the family themselves, and, in accordance with the Koran, it is most carefully washed in pure water before being consigned to the ground. Then the pottery of the household is broken over the spot. In the desert or on the steppe the leaving of the body in an isolated place seems to typify naturally its presence before the infinite and the eternal. In joy, as in grief, the Arab generally conceals his feelings behind a proud reserve, but on the occasions of the periodical "fantasias" he throws aside his mask and reveals the true man. The dancing gesticulating, and shouting go on for hours, until the delirium ends with the exhaustion of the participants. A fantasia in the desert leaves a curious impression of semi-unreality on the mind; but it is the one occasion on which the stern, sad-looking Arab, casting aside his hauteur, comes forth as a true son of Nature.

## THE LOCH-FISHER.

"IS it not marvellous?" said Jefferson. "The surface of the loch is like a mirror. How the mountains are reflected in it, with their outlines all darkly silhouetted in the most lovely purple, and the alders near the shore cast a green hue into it; and the blue of the sky and the little fleecy white clouds—all reflected in that calm mirror; is it not wonderful?" In the stress of his appreciative emotion he turned a little on the rail of the bridge on which he was sitting. It was not a stout rail, and Jefferson was a stout man. He stopped very abruptly in the picturesque observations, and said "d— the rail," dismounted from it hastily, muttered something not at all original about the proximity of the sublime and the ridiculous, and began to discuss the prospects of the fishing. It was nearly a perfect day; but it would have been more perfect still if that rail, instead of cracking under Jefferson's weight, with a loud report which gave him warning, had broken first, and cracked aloud afterwards.



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WHAT FLY IS ON THE WATER?

"COUNTRY LIFE."

In other respects the day was rather too perfect. The rail on which Jefferson insecurely sat was the hand-rail of a bridge spanning the little stream which fed the loch. In the morning, as we came to the loch, it was, as Jefferson had said, like a mirror. The calmness of its surface was only broken when a fish rose and made a circle, which went constantly enlarging until it spent itself and was lost. It is always a hopeful sign when these rings appear—it is a sign that there are fish. On the other hand, the fact that the rings are seen so plainly implies that the surface is mirror-like; and that implies, further, that you will not do any good at all if you take boat and go out and flog that shining flat surface, even with your finest flies and gut. Jefferson, who knew all about loch-fishing, though he was only just gaining his experience of the strength of hand-rails, said that it was useless to put out in the boat just at first. The only chance was to try where the stream flowing into the loch made some kind of break in the smooth surface, or else under the shade of the rocks along the sides, where the darkness might help the fishermen to delude the fish into the idea that the Zulu or the Teal and Red were choice products of Nature, a delusion which it would be hopeless to attempt in the



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THE SHADE OF THE ROCK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A TEMPTING THROW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bright sun. We picked up a few fish in this way, but only one was at all large. I think we might have pulled even him out without ceremony had we chosen, but it is very suggestive to use the gaff; it makes one think at once that one is engaged with big quarry.

About midday there came a little breeze, and we went boating out on the loch's face. The wind was very light and fitful. Surely this is of all fishing the most lazy and contemplative, with but one exception. That exception is the angling of the punt fisherman on the Thames, who sticks his pole into the mud and is happy with a jar of beer and a pipe. His excuse is a rod, a line, a hook with a worm or a bit of paste on it, and a float which seldom troubles him by bobbing under water; but his real business is to be happy in idleness—the *otium cum dignitate*. There is more work about the loch-fishing, but it is not hard labour. When the fitful wind dies away it is useless to go on throwing, and it is delightful then to drift and drink in the charming beauty of the loch and of the surrounding mountains which it reflects. The boat is a better and more secure environment than the faithless hand-rail. Now and then a fish rises close to the boat, and it seems sinful to neglect the chance of hooking him by casting into the ring which his rise has made. But generally he is not ready for another bite quite as quickly, or else he has moved on to another place—for these loch fish are wanderers; they do not lie in one spot like fish in a river—and he does not see the fly which you have offered.

In the afternoon the breeze grows more constant, and the sport is fast and furious. Whatever are the merits or the demerits of this loch-fishing—and I am not claiming for it that it is as good sport as river angling, presuming that both are fairly good of their respective kinds—it is at least a sport which teaches you a good deal about the queer ways of fish, and also about the angler's limitations. One of the queer things which it shows is that for some reason, utterly mysterious to all human senses or faculties, fish will be quiet for a while in the water; then, suddenly, prompted by

no one can say what quick accession of appetite or other motive, will begin to rise all over the loch at once, and so will continue for a minute or so—perhaps for half-an-hour; and then—again for no reason which is, humanly speaking, apparent—will go off the rise, and not a fish in the loch will break its surface. There is no change which you are able to perceive in the conditions; the fly are on the water just as numerous or as sparsely, accordingly as the case may be, as they were before; and yet, in obedience to some common impulse, all the fish have changed their minds in a moment. Is it some electrical change in the water? We do not know; we can only speculate.

This is a phenomenon which we shall observe better when the water is dead smooth than when its surface is ruffled by the wind; for, when the wind comes to wrinkle its face, we shall not be able to see all the rises so clearly—indeed, shall be able to see those only which occur near the boat or are made with a big splash, and these last are not quite the kind that we like best to see. The quiet break of the water which can hardly be seen at all if there are even the smallest waves, is far more significant of a fish likely to take the fly. It is when the surface changes under the influence of a fresh puff of wind, or again when it settles into quiet, as a calm interval comes after the wind, that we realise so clearly the limitations of the angler. When it is glassy, the angler throws in vain, though his fly fall in the most delicate and thistledown-like manner on the water, and his gut be of the finest. The fish will not pay the lure the least attention. But, as soon

as the breeze comes to ruffle that surface, then, though the fisher may not see nearly as many rises as before, the fish will take readily, if there be many of them and they be in the mood. It is on a loch that you may gain a further experience to the same effect—provided you can make the attempt in secret and have no regard for the majesty of the law—by doing a little of the "cross-lining," which is illegal. The cross-line consists of a long line from which many hooks and flies are dependent



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USING THE GAFF.

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LAZY ANGLING.

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gut. No matter how "dour" the fish have seemed when you were trying them by the ordinary casting processes, the moment you let the flies down so as to touch the water you are almost sure to find a trout at one or other or at many of the flies, proving that even your cleverest throwing does not give the fly at all the same life-like appearance that is given by allowing it just to touch, in this simple way, the water's surface. It is rather a humiliating lesson, perhaps salutary, although it be against the law.

The fish in most of these lochs run very much of a size, determined, as is likely, by the feed in each. Some of them, in their dark depths, will hold monsters, bearing the name of "ferox," but it is most unlikely that you with your flies will attract them from their depths. They are the cannibals of these waters, and you want the live bait or the spinning lure to attract them. Still, it is never well on these loch-fishing expeditions to go forth without a gaff or a big landing-net. If you do happen just one day of the year to forget the gaff, that day will be the one of all others on which you will hook the big fish; and then there will be tears. If you do get hold of a big fellow, and the net or the gaff be left at home, you will have a better

chance with him by getting to land as soon as you have tired him out sufficiently to make sure that he will not run out all your line and leave you watching him from the shore. Provided you have the brief patience required to make sure of that point, you can lead him in, when on shore, to a shallow beach, and land him with less peril of breaking than if you try to kill him from the boat. That, at least, is Jefferson's verdict, who knows all about the loch-fishing, though he will not deliver his lectures again from that hand-rail.

## THE FLIGHT OF BATS.

THE old adage "blind as a bat" was, like so many old saws, based on a misconception, for it is now well known that bats are not blind. Nevertheless, they seem to be remarkably independent of the sense of sight. In a recent number of the *Naturalist* Mr. Arthur Whitaker relates

some experiments made by him demonstrating this fact. Covering the eyes of a Natterer's bat with wax—a not very kindly proceeding—he released the creature in a room, then carefully studied its movements. It first of all made its way to the door, but instead of striking this, hovered a few inches off, slowly making its way along the top edge and down the side, apparently guided by the incoming draught of air. Next a thorough exploration of the room was made, and throughout the examination it never once struck either chairs or table, and swerved aside when a stick was placed in its path. As a result of this experiment Mr. Whitaker comes to the conclusion that bats have an acute perception of atmospheric currents and vibrations resident in the nerves of the wing-membranes. This deduction, in part at any rate, is correct. But this matter was far more thoroughly investigated so long ago as 1793, when, by the cruel experiment of blinding the animals, it was shown that they could cross a room across which silken threads were stretched in such a way as to leave just sufficient space for them to pass between with outstretched wings. They not only succeeded in passing the threads without touching them, but they avoided with equal ease the walls and ceiling. Even when the

threads were placed still nearer together they managed, by contracting the wings, to pass without contact. Branches of trees were similarly avoided; and when tired they suspended themselves on the walls of the room as easily as if they enjoyed the use of sight. From this it was inferred that these creatures possess a marvelously delicate sense of touch in the wing-membranes. But it is also probable that this is increased by the expansion of the skin of the external ear, and by the development of folds of skin on the nose and muzzle. In some bats, indeed, a perfect rosette of such skin is developed in the latter region, as in the "leaf-nosed" bats; and it is supposed that the additional lobe of the ear, known as the "tragus," performs a similar function. These structures are certainly largest in the night-flying forms. In our long-eared bat, for example, the ears are more than twice as long as the head, but the "nose-leaf" is small. Conversely when the ears are small the nose-leaf is large; though there



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WHEN THE SURFACE CHANGES.

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are exceptions to this rule among the nocturnal bats, as in the Indian false vampire, for example. These curious structures are further fringed with long, fine hairs, answering, apparently, to the "whiskers" of the cat. Among species which fly at twilight or at dawn, the "nose-leaf" is wanting, and the ears are not, as a rule, greatly developed, so that it would seem that these species

depend more on the sight for guidance and for catching prey. So far, however, nothing seems to have been done by anatomists to discover the extent and distribution of the nerve supply of these apparent organs of perception. It may be that these little animals possess some other "guiding principle" as yet unsuspected, though this is improbable.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### WOODLAND FLOWERS.

WE are thinking not of the Bluebell and the Cowslip or the Fool's Parsley which makes a creamy mist on the fringing woodland, but of flowers which, when planted in groups, seem as if natural to the soil. Many beautiful flower pictures are unfolded as the seasons pass by in the Royal Gardens, Kew, but the glimmering of colour in the woodland there is as pleasant as the clouds of Bluebells in early May. Rambling Roses fling their flower-bent shoots in every direction, and none is more graceful in its growth than the Dundee Rambler, which has a white fragrant flower in July, when this exquisite race is in perfection. But one meets with unusual plants at Kew, and planted in a way seldom seen in other gardens. Walking from the Brentford gate towards the Pagoda, to revel in the dell of Roses, of which we recently wrote, a sea of bright yellow against blue lights up the woodland, and we wonder what these beautiful plants can be that are growing in the shade of tree and shrub. A closer view reveals the blue one as an old friend, *Campanula lactiflora*, a Bellflower 5 ft. high, branching and bent almost with the weight of clear blue clusters of flowers, which remain in beauty for some weeks. We remember the great masses of it in the garden of the late Mr. G. F. Wilson at Wisley, near Ripley, now the property of the Royal Horticultural Society, and the sweet murmuring of the bees which crowd thickly on the tender petals. We delight to rest by the side of a great tumbling mass of flowers on a hot summer day and listen to the music of the bees as they hum from flower to flower. One feels really in a garden. Mas-ed near this *Campanula* is a plant that is rarely seen, and this is the first occasion we have seen it used in the woodland, but it should be made a note of for this purpose. The name is *Isatis glauca*, a "Woad" 5 ft. high, the flowers in large clusters of the clearest, brightest yellow, a pure sunshiny shade, which matches the soft blue of the *Campanula*. The Spanish Broom (*Spartium junceum*) is planted freely, and its yellow flowers are as welcome as the fringing groups of the white and purple Japanese Rose (*Rosa rugosa*), the best of the whites being the semi-double *Blanc de Coubert*. In the distance a grey mist seems to have fallen over an old Fir tree, and the mist is the tendrils of flowers from the *Polygonum baldschuanicum*, a robust climber which has yet to achieve popularity. Sown thickly among shrubs is the French Poppy, and the strange medley of colourings has a pleasant effect, though a bunch in the hand would not give that impression. The wilder forms of Poppy are much used at Kew, and the effect is extraordinary. Thousands of seedlings of *Papaver umbrosa* have been planted, and the wonderful colouring makes a path of blood by the shrub margins, the petals of the deepest crimson with a big black blotch at the base of each. Of course, in small gardens such bold flower painting on the brown earth is impossible, and where opportunities exist—and they do so in the great homes of England—a visit to Kew Gardens will teach a useful lesson in gardening with the use of even the much-despised annual flower.

### ROSES ON TREES.

There is no more charming way of growing climbing Roses than over trees, the shoots of the stronger varieties soon making headway. An old fruit tree gains in beauty when the most beautiful rambling Roses are planted to wreath the gnarled stems with colour.

### RANDOM NOTES.

*Mulching and Stirring the Soil.*—A hot sun beats fiercely on the garden at the time of writing, and there is no sign of a change. It is possible the sun will shine all day for weeks, and then the gardener who has not mulched, or does not stir the surface of the soil, will suffer for his sins. Mulching, especially on dry, gravelly soils, is essential, and we have just given fruit trees, planted two years ago, a thorough dressing of well-decayed horse manure and gallons of water to each tree. The soil in the beds of Roses and other flowers must be stirred. This practice results in air and moisture invigorating the roots. Rain may not have fallen, but there are heavy dews at night, and these act beneficially.

*Work to Accomplish.*—Take cuttings of Pinks and layer Carnations. Sow Primroses and Polyanthus for giving plants to flower next spring, and layer Strawberries. We make a golden rule never to allow the beds to remain longer than two years; indeed, treat this most luxurious early summer fruit as a biennial. When the plants have remained three or four years upon the soil their strength departs, fruits naturally become fewer and fewer, and the result is that the attention given to protecting the crop when it is ripe is not worth the candle. Royal Sovereign is the principal variety, and it is esteemed for its free and certain cropping, pleasant acid flavour, with, however, a proper proportion of sweet juiciness, and bright colour. Our crop has been immense, the plants having received a heavy manuring when in flower. The fruits are bunched up, not wholly with the object of keeping them from the soil, but to expose them as much as possible to the ripening influence of sun and air. It is necessary to give protection, and a very simple plan is to have rough stakes—the number depending upon the size of the beds—and fix old fish-netting to the top. This is better than merely putting the netting actually on the plants, as one can gather the fruits in comfort in this huge cage of netting; netting will last for years when carefully stored after it has been used.

*Malformed Foxgloves.*—We have received several letters and specimens lately of plants which have excited the curiosity of the senders. One

correspondent thought he had struck a gold-mine, and described the flower as a possible cross between a Canterbury Bell and a Foxglove; but the fact is that this departure from the normal form is a freak, two or three segments joining together to make the big bell-shaped bloom which tops the flower spike. Messrs. Sutton and Sons, the well-known nurserymen at Reading, were the first, we believe, to "fix" this strange flower, that is to say, in their hands it was made possible to reproduce it from seed. The name given to it is the appropriate one of "monstrous." We should not tolerate it in our own garden, but that, of course, is a matter of taste. Many gardeners



ROSES ON FRUIT TREES.

profess a strong love for this quaintly-shaped Foxglove, with its big bell on top.

*The Flame Nasturtium (*Tropæolum speciosum*).*—The earnest lover of hardy flowers never rests until in some part of his garden the trails of fire-coloured petals shoot out from the Flame Nasturtium to show that the plant has settled down for a long life. We have in mind a plant which is now in the full tide of its glorious beauty. It is in a place which we have always contended is practically the only spot where it will make a luxuriant growth, viz., a cool, shady border, where the sun does not shine on the soil over its roots. The plant we are thinking of is behind a thick hedge. It has permeated it with rippling growths peeping cut in all directions, tongues of bloom as scarlet as the setting sun, which dyes the petals a colour that in the light of evening is almost painful in its intensity. Already the growths have clambered to a neighbouring conifer, and the crimson tendrils hang down in wild masses, asserting their power of colour and growth even against the Crimson Rambler in the hedgerow opposite. Coolness at the root is its chief requirement, but the country it loves best is the Highlands of Scotland, where it takes the place of the white *Solanum jasminoides* of the extreme South. Many a Highland cottage is crimsoned over with the bloom of the *Tropæolum speciosum*. When a plant is established, leave it alone; disturbance at the root is fatal. For soil it enjoys loam with peat mixed in it, and moisture. The best time to put in the roots is April; and exercise the virtue of patience. It will be found that growth is slow at first, but suddenly the plant wakes up to a sense of duty, that of giving beauty to the garden and pleasure to its possessor.



**H**ARDWICK HOUSE in Whitchurch parish is by the river bank of Oxfordshire, five miles above Reading. It may not compare with the noble old house of Mapledurham, its near neighbour, but it is, nevertheless, a fair house set in a pleasant place. The steep Chilterns are at its back to shelter it from the northern wind, and the hill slope runs below it, so that it lies clear of flood and river mist. At the garden edge runs the water of Thames, the Thames of Goring and Pangbourne—no more beautiful reach of the river than that upon which the Hardwick terraces look down over green lawns.

Hardwick has the warm red walls and chimney-stacks of weathered brick which an old Thames-side manor house should have, with stone-mullioned windows and many gables. It is the chief house of a manor, or reputed manor, which after the Conquest of England was in the hands of Robert Doyley, husband of Aldith, the daughter of the lord of Wallingford. The first dwellers in the house of Hardwick of whom we have any knowledge were here early enough to take their name from the home held by them of Whitchurch manor in the honour of Wallingford. The last Hardwick died in Henry VIII.'s time, and William Crochefelde was found to be his cousin and heir. The new name was not long at Hardwick, for in 1526 Crochefelde's widow, with William Davy (her second husband), and Alice Preston,

Crochefelde's heir, sold away Hardwick to a stranger from the West Country, one Richard Lybbe, whose heirs still hold Hardwick, and bear his name. Richard Lybbe was son of another Richard Lybbe of Tavistock in Devon and had his home at Englefield, near Pangbourne, on the Berkshire side of the river. So soon after the buying of Hardwick did he die that it is probable that he never came to settle there. His wife was a daughter of William Justice, a rich townsman of Reading. This marriage may have brought Richard Lybbe to settle in these parts. Their son, Richard, was sometime of Checkenden, next Whitchurch, but he at least dwelt at Hardwick and was buried in the church at Whitchurch, where is his monument, the painted and gilded figure of a gentleman in armour kneeling at a prayer desk face to face with Joan, his wife, stiff in a brodered gown and ruff. He had been of the household of Bloody Mary, a sewer at her table—the Lybbes keep her stirrup of gilt iron—and died full of days, some seventy-three years after his father. His wife was a Checkenden woman, and their son, another Richard, married into another Thames valley family, the Blagraves of Bulmarsh Court. In the time of Anne Blagrave's husband the Lybbes of Hardwick passed troublesome years. Civil war flamed out, and Hardwick lay helpless between two garrisons, Wallingford and Reading, out of which rode plundering troopers, Amalekitish men, who came trampling into



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PART OF THE EAST FRONT.

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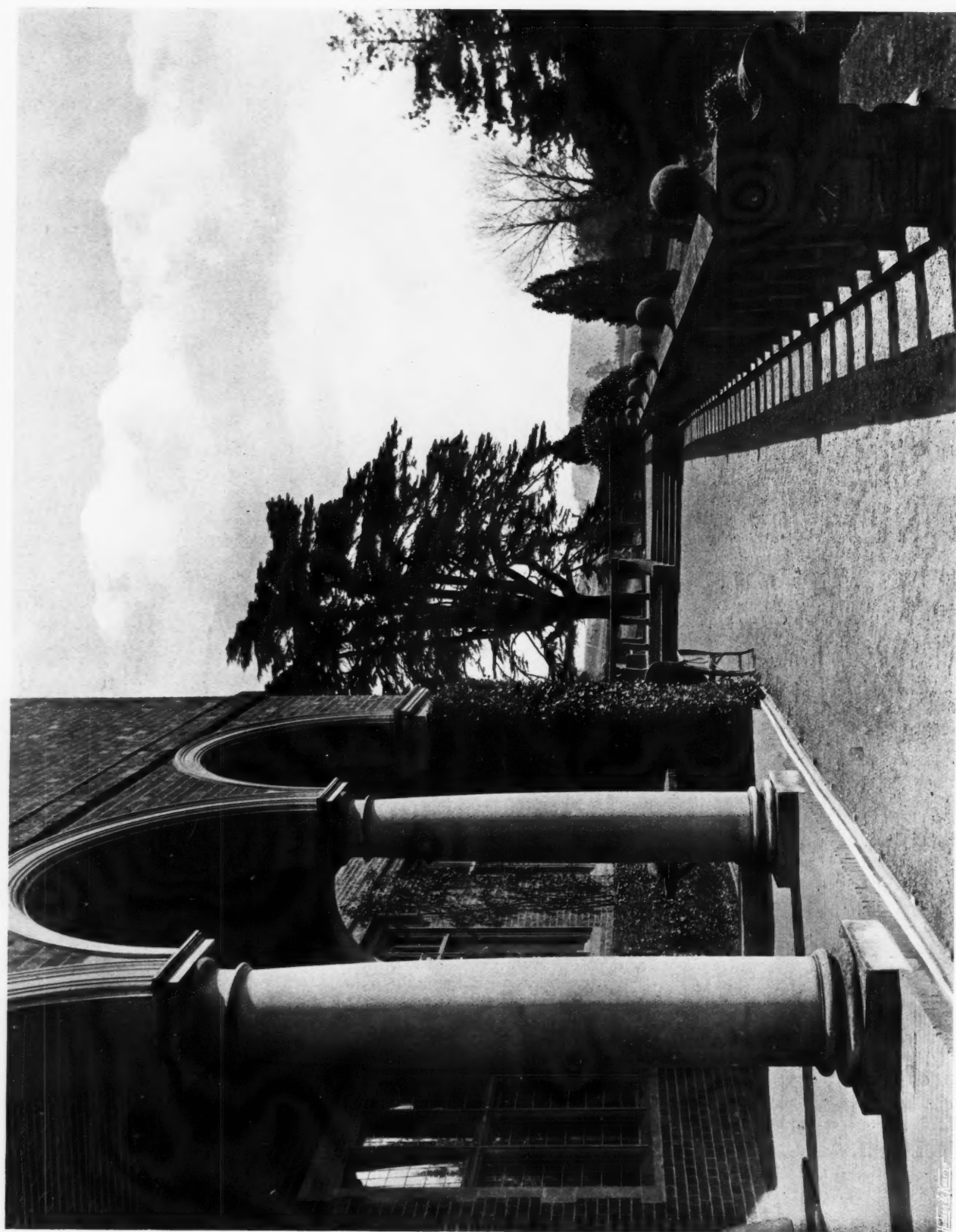


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CHALK CHIMNEY-PIECE IN DRAWING-ROOM.

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THE LOGGIA.

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ON THE FIRST TERRACE.

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the peace of the river-side squires. The Lybbes bent their heads to the blast, and suffered many evil things. Messengers brought papers in which the King at Oxford asked loans from his loving subjects, specifying sums and giving a short limit of days within which loyal generosity must awaken. Richard Lybbe paid and groaned. He was one of many Cavaliers who prayed discreetly for the King's success while taking care to avoid the wrath of the Parliamentary raiders. But his opinions were hardly to be hidden from Whitchurch folk. His neighbours, the Whistlers, were whole-hearted for the Parliament, and many a denunciation of Master Lybbe of Hardwick found its way to London. At last he fled from his enemies, to hide his head elsewhere among friends; and in his absence a troop from Reading sacked and plundered Hardwick, taking away the bed with velvet hangings—poor Mistress Lybbe's own prideful work—and his chest of silver plate. A list in his own hand reckons up the great basin and ewer, the double-gilt salts with covers, the pair of great flagons, and the other silver honours of the plate cupboard. His horses he had himself led away from the stable, and three of them were sent to mount three troopers for his Majesty; but little else escaped the plunderers, even the writings and documents from the

Restoration he found himself heir of a house made desolate by the wars, and we know that he took up a loan of £500 for repairing it. On Anthony's death another Richard succeeded, whose first wife was niece to Alice Lisle, murdered by Jeffreys's sentence for her mercy to fugitives from Monmouth's broken host. With yet one more Richard the Lybbes ended in 1722, and a little Isabella of nine years old was lady of Hardwick.

The mother found her a husband in Mr. Philip Powys, a younger son, from Shropshire. Here begins the line of Powys-Lybbe at Hardwick. From William Powys, bailiff of Ludlow in 1573, came a grandson Thomas Powys, a serjeant-at-law, who by two wives had a round dozen of children. The elder sons were a brace of knights, Sir Littleton and Sir Thomas Powys, both judges of the King's Bench, from which one was removed by George I., their companions in the ermine complaining that two brothers Powys voting as one threw the Court's decision out of trim. The eldest son of Sir Thomas Powys was ancestor of Powys of Lilford, in Northamptonshire, from whom comes Lord Lilford the head of his name. The youngest son, to whom the judge gave as a portion his great house in Lincoln's



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OLD YEWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

study being stolen or destroyed. An old tale in the family tells of money buried in the garden by Richard Lybbe; but generations of young Lybbes have delved for it in vain.

Anthony Lybbe, the eldest surviving son, was probably in arms for his King, and such estate as he had of his own was for a time sequestered by the Parliament, although the sequestration was discharged in 1646 by an order signed by five commissioners. The names of the last two show the reason for this mercy, both being Blagraves, cousins of his mother. The next year brought a more illustrious sufferer by the war to Hardwick; for the royal Charles himself was for three weeks a prisoner at Caversham Lodge, and, attended by Colonel Rossiter's troop of horse, came to bowl at Collin's End green, on the hill behind the house of Hardwick, where he

Sought in a cheerful glass his cares to drown,  
And changed his guinea ere he lost his crown.

The heralds in their visitations of Oxfordshire twice recorded the pedigree of the Lybbes of Hardwick, once in 1574 and again in 1634. In 1634 young Richard Lybbe, the eldest son of the house, was "in travell in France." He died two years later, and was buried at Whitchurch. Thus his younger brother Anthony came to break the line of Richards at Hardwick. At the

Inn Fields, was Philip Powys, married at a city church in 1730 to the young heiress of Hardwick.

Of Philip Lybbe Powys, the son of this marriage, we have intimate detail, for his wife Caroline, daughter of Dr. Girdle of Lincoln's Inn Fields, was that rare ornament to a family, a busy diarist, whose diary between 1756 and 1808 was some years ago printed by Mrs. Climensson. Tall and thin, twenty-eight years of age, with "a good rough manly face," pitted with small-pox, to the last year of his amiable life we have the whole story of "My Phil," and of the house, kinsfolk, and friends of Powys of Hardwick.

The diarist loved her river-side home, and her memoranda of buildings and plantings add much to our knowledge of the history of the old building. Tradition has it that in its core and foundations there are the stones of a fourteenth century house, but its whole character is that of a Tudor building much changed by many restorations. The most characteristic room is illustrated by us, a bedchamber now used as a drawing-room. Like many another chamber of its age it bears Queen Elizabeth's name, and is said to have been decorated for her coming to Hardwick. It is panelled in oaken panels with carved pilasters, and has a rich frieze and ceiling of moulded plaster, in which heads of the





THE SUNDIAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE THAMES AND THE TERRACE.

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queen patroness of the work mingle with heads of Duke Joshua, Jeroboam, Fame, and Julius Cæsar! The mantel-piece is carved out of hard chalk, and in a square panel in the midst of it we see Abraham in the Roman habit flourishing over Isaac a curved falchion, whose blade an angel, stooping from a neat crescent of cloud-bank, catches in his hands. The niched figures at the side are Faith and Hope, Justice and Charity balancing the Lybbe arms on the cornice. The greatest changes have been made in the south or river front. Here Anthony Lybbe spent his borrowed £500, and his work is called the New Building in a deed of 1672. He made also stables and haylofts and a summer-house, probably the ancestor of the cottage called "Straw Hall." A note-book of the eighteenth century shows that the evil business of turning old casement windows into sashed windows was going forward as early as 1718, and that in 1719 "a turret with a clock" was built "over the cloister passage."

The diarist's grandson, Henry Philip Powys, who inherited Hardwick about the beginning of the Victorian period, scraped the whitewash from his red walls outside, and the white paint from the Elizabethan staircase within. He also took away a colonnade from the north wall, and brought back stone mullions to windows which had been changed to the French pattern.

we might rail at our estate agencies much as Henry IV. did at Fortune:

She either gives a stomach and no food;  
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast  
And takes away the stomach: such are the rich  
That have abundance and enjoy it not.

Here and there a Carrington or a Cadbury contrives to accommodate both parties with gratifying results; but to a large extent the facilities do not exist for bringing them into a mutually profitable relationship. To a certain extent we are thus confronted with a coincident glut and scarcity of land which does not conduce to the public interest. The state of affairs thus presented is widely regarded as the especial province of the Legislature, and to rival politicians engaged in its amendment any relief effected by private enterprise is apt to be regarded as a dog on a tennis court, to borrow a phrase from Sir Horace Plunkett. In the North of England neither the peers of the realm nor the rich benefactors of society have betaken themselves to this service, but its interests have, to a certain extent, been forwarded by an organisation known as the Northern Allotment Society. Of the society itself, be it said that it has no political colour, nor has it been wet-nursed by any county or district council, nor again has it sought pecuniary aid upon philanthropic



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THE SOUTHERN ASPECT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. Charles Day Rose, the present lessee of Hardwick, has added a whole wing to the house, a billiard-room with bedrooms over it.

Our view of the terrace below the loggia shows an Italian fountain basin with a lion's head spout, and stone seats, in the Italian style, among the turf and flowers of the river front. The yew walk, where old yews pleach their branches overhead, is a monument of dead and gone Lybbes and Powyses, who were one and all great planters of trees.

## NORTHERN ALLOTMENT SOCIETY.

IT is one of the provoking features of the real estate market that, on the one hand, landowners are continually advertising their estates for sale at low figures, yet fail to attract buyers, while, on the other hand, numbers of landless men either professedly or actually need cheap land, yet fail to procure it. Distance between the one and the other accounts for this dislocation to a large extent, but not entirely. They may order these things better in France, but in this country

grounds. On the contrary, its members have relied entirely upon their own resources, weak though they were at the outset, and have adopted commercial principles throughout their undertakings. Whether the statutory powers for providing small holdings and allotments are a help to those who want them, or a hindrance, the society has not had recourse to them, nor has it identified itself with any political party in demanding their enlargement. Indefensible though Old Father Antic the Law may be, the policy of the society has been to make the best of its existing opportunities, leaving the politician to provide the three acres and a cow if and when he can.

The society began its career at Newcastle-on-Tyne on May 21st, 1890. Its officials are all unpaid, and it is a public body in the sense that anyone may become a member upon payment of a subscription of one shilling per annum. For this sum the subscriber is entitled to participate in any undertaking the society may promote, but he is under no obligation to do so, and incurs no further liability so long as he abstains. The society was the outcome of a series of public meetings held in the interests of fruit-growing and allied pursuits, and its founders might therefore have been classified by the late R. D. Blackmore among "the genial fanatics who advocated the growing of fruit for profit." Not that the North of England



is an ideal centre for this purpose, but it appeared to them that the existing output might be improved, and that it was bad policy to hide even one talent in a napkin. The programme of the society, of course, implied an attempt to check the exodus from the country to the town in so far as its limited resources and opportunities would permit. Copious lamentations and palaver have been expended upon this exodus, but, instead of joining in the chorus, the society took practical steps in the contrary direction. It placed before its members the feasibility of acquiring large estates, cutting them up into small, convenient parcels, and distributing the latter among the allottees at cost price.

The immediate advantage of this policy was twofold—first, it enabled a member to obtain land which single-handed he could not do; and, secondly, it enabled him to obtain a retail quantity at a wholesale price. Manifestly these advantages appealed not merely to the fruit-grower, but to anybody and everybody who wanted cheap land, with the result that the membership of the society rapidly increased, and its objects broadened out. All sorts of people joined—builders, contractors, solicitors, architects, tradesmen, market gardeners, artisans, doctors, clerks, co-operative societies, etc.—so that the society gradually became a medium for procuring land for its members, not merely for horticultural uses, but for residential or business purposes or as an investment for their capital. During the comparatively brief period that the society has been in existence thirteen estates have thus been purchased directly, and one indirectly, of which number seven have been allotted among the purchasing members. The remainder have been held as joint-stock properties, and developed as building estates for the benefit of the proprietors. Abortive attempts have also been made to acquire several other estates, but from various causes business did not ensue. For a society that exists upon its merits, its record is full of encouragement to those who care to follow its example. Apart from the provision of leasehold land for allotments, in which the society has also done useful work, the area of freehold and copyhold land purchased outright through its instrumentality has been 1,625 acres, at a cost of £176,343 15s. The additional population planted upon these estates numbered 6,664 twelve months ago, and has substantially increased since then. The expenditure thereon for new dwelling-houses, churches, schools, greenhouses, roads, gas, water, and sewer extensions, fencing, forest and fruit trees, etc., has been well over half a million sterling. True, much of this activity has been displayed upon suburban land, and cannot, therefore, be regarded as a contribution to the cause of rural development, excepting that it has been manifested in a more spacious form than is usual on the edge of Northern towns. To a considerable extent the conventional back street has been discarded, and detached or semi-detached houses alone provided having ample land for garden purposes. This policy has been applied not merely to villas for middle-class people, but to houses for artisans, and by thus raising the standard of living it should tend incidentally to seal the doom of the unwholesome flat.

To the readers of this paper, however, the chief interest in the work of the society will probably lie rather in its treatment of country estates and in the process by which various villages have been extended or created through its agency. These results may be seen at Westerhope, Cleaton, Whickham, Rowlands Gill, and Stockfield, all within a range of fourteen miles of Newcastle. Of this list the Smailes Estate at Rowlands Gill may be taken as an example. This estate is situated in the Derwent Valley, and has a long and thickly-wooded frontage to the river. At its nearest point it is five minutes' walk from Rowlands Gill Railway Station, and about eight miles from Newcastle. It contains 124 acres, and was purchased in 1896 for £2,500 freehold, minerals reserved. The estate was then, and is still, severed into two portions by the lands of another proprietor, upon which extensive coke ovens and railway sidings existed and still exist. Although by no means ruined, the residential charms of the estate were to a considerable extent blemished by this industry, but the land was convenient for the employes, and has since become occupied by them to a certain extent. The price paid for the estate was not a high figure, but about forty-three acres were unprofitable woodland, and regarded merely as an investment it may be taken for granted that it paid the vendor to sell and the buyers to purchase. The purchasers comprised forty-five members of the society, and their requirements varied from one acre to eighteen acres each. Some six acres were reserved for roads, short acreage, and common purposes, leaving 118 acres to be allotted among the proprietors. The conditions under which the estate was parcelled out among the forty-five allottees and subsequently held were determined by the allottees themselves, and were embodied in a deed of mutual covenants executed by each one. For the purposes of allotment the estate was plotted out into allotments, each containing, with a few exceptions, one acre, and having access by an existing road, or by a new one to be provided out of the common fund. The total cost of the estate, including road-making, roadside fencing, professional and other collective charges, was then estimated, and a reliable valuer instructed to assess this

outlay upon the various lots, placing upon each one what he considered its fair quota, having regard to its proximity to the railway station, road frontage, natural or other advantages. A copy of this valuation and of the valuer's report were furnished to each purchaser, so that each one had the benefit of skilled advice in the selection of his land. An attempt was then made to allot the estate by mutual agreement, but as it proved abortive the allotment was effected by private competition among the forty-five allottees. The valuer's figures were then taken as the par value of each lot, below which no bid was valid, and each lot was knocked down to the highest bidder. The premiums thus obtained upon the favourite sites were very substantial, and as the total amount realised at the auction exceeded the expenditure, the surplus was returned to the allottees according to the amount of their purchase money. If, conversely, there had been a deficit, it would have been met by a call upon the same assessment. Thanks to the premiums, a large number of plots were obtained at a price below the average per acre, so that in many cases one acre of useful freehold land, exempt from tithe, land tax, and road-making charges, and having one-half its fencing furnished, was acquired for £12 to £16 per acre, that is, from one halfpenny to three farthings per square yard, or thereabouts. To effect the purchase of an acre or two of land at these figures did not entail a heavy strain upon the purchaser, but in any case no collective responsibility was incurred. Each man found his own money. The uninitiated were, however, duly coached into the mysteries of borrowing money upon mortgage, and having sound securities to offer at low values, their financial necessities were easily met. Each allottee thus became the proprietor of a separate and independent property, which he holds subject to the restrictions and obligations imposed upon him by the deed of mutual covenants. These restrictions are designed to preserve the character of the estate as a residential property, and the obligations apply to the maintenance of the roads and fences. The collective responsibilities of a permanent character have thus been cut down to the preservation of common privileges and the enforcement of common liabilities, both strictly limited in their extent. Numerous changes in the personnel of the owners have taken place, but it is gratifying to add that the *esprit de corps* is to-day a strong and healthy sentiment among them, and that they take a keen interest and pride in their property. Nine years is not a long period in the life of a community, but within that time the farm has been transformed into a thriving and populous village, apprehensions to the contrary notwithstanding. Its public institutions consist of three churches, one co-operative store, and one workmen's institute. The number of dwelling-houses built upon it may be taken at 240, and the population at 1,500. Upon 100 acres of the land the houses are almost exclusively detached or semi-detached of a varied character, all having ample garden accommodation.

Having regard to the widespread interest that has recently been taken in the provision of cheap and wholesome cottages, it may be stated that upon several of these estates purchasers have been, and are, able to acquire a semi-detached cottage of presentable appearance, having four good rooms and a scullery, with 600yds. to 1,200yds. of land, freehold, unburdened by tithe, land tax, or copyhold rent, for £240 to £250, road-making and fencing included. Upon property of this or a similar character members of friendly societies are able to obtain an advance of 90 per cent. of its value at 4 per cent. interest per annum. This means a payment of about 4s. per week for interest, and may be regarded as a saving of 30 per cent. to 40 per cent. upon the prevailing rents for property having the same accommodation but no land. It remains to be said that these estates have in the main been colonised by people who do not make their living out of the land they occupy. They use it for residential purposes. Middle-class and working-class people have thus been enabled to enjoy the luxury of a detached or semi-detached house with ample garden without waiting until they can retire into private life on an old-age pension. At the same time, numerous and varied opportunities have been created for men of small capital to make or supplement their living out of the land, and they may be found doing it by means of fruit, flower, and vegetable growing, with and without glass, cow-keeping, carting, shop-keeping, retailing, produce, etc. Needless to add, the lessons of experience are to be found in the later developments. Now and then a shark gets into the net in the form of an owner who develops his land in a cheap and unsightly fashion, regardless of the depreciation thus inflicted upon his neighbours' property. Cases of this kind have left blemishes upon the landscape, and have led to the adoption of more stringent restrictions in subsequent undertakings, also to the enforcement of these restrictions by concerted action. It must also be admitted that the angel of the household does not always favour the simple life. To her, rightly or wrongly, the charm of a country home frequently implies banishment from society, and, like Lot's wife, she is apt to look back. True, it is more wholesome—the household will thrive better upon fresh country produce and a larger measure of outdoor life; but the reputed dulness of the

country or the absence of a higher-grade school are liable to bring down the feminine veto upon the project. The housing reformer, militant and progressive, would make short work of this repugnance to the country. Having compelled the ratepayer to provide wholesome houses at fair rents (whatever that may mean), he would, if the houses stood vacant, compel people to occupy them. A short amending Act of Parliament, carried through before the ladies are endowed with the franchise, would thus get rid of their hostility. Free houses under popular control, plus compulsory occupation, would follow as a matter of course. Pending these "reforms," the townspeople may be decoyed into the country, and into more wholesome conditions of life, by a policy of collective migration, with its attendant enlargement of social life. People are gregarious, and partly from sentiment, partly from a regard for certain essential adjuncts of modern life, a family that would not inhabit a solitary house in the country might gladly form a unit in a country settlement. Needless to add, the series of operations outlined in this article have not been carried out without encountering serious difficulties and risks. An ample supply of good water is an essential detail in rendering land habitable, but it has not always been available on demand. Sanitary arrangements of the Mosaic order may be more wholesome for a household having ample land than the modern contrivances for the disposal of joint-stock refuse, but people are slow to unlearn the errors of civilisation, so called, and are therefore apt to regard a public sewer as a *sine qua non*. Adjoining landowners are also apt to adopt an unaccommodating policy. They have to be outwitted if possible, ditto district councils, with urban bye-laws applied with wooden indifference to rural land by men frequently having axes of their own to grind. Feudal burdens upon the land have had to be extinguished, dangers from colliery workings averted, and, withal, the caprice of the investing public to reckon with; these obstacles have had to be overcome, and they all entail patient and persistent labour, with an element of risk in the background. The financial results have been good, bad, and

indifferent, chiefly good. The estates operated upon have had the advantages and the drawbacks incidental to a manufacturing district containing a large and growing population relatively well paid, and in recent years they have suffered the commercial punishment inflicted by the war or by foreign tariffs at the reader's option. It cannot, therefore, be said that their financial results have been an unqualified success. A sprinkling of investors, not able to hold out until the dawn of better days, have realised at a discount; others, again, are owning real estate, or shares in real estate, upon which the returns remain to be proved.

With these exceptions, it is to be said that a numerous body of investors have received a handsome return upon their capital. In other respects the results are decidedly gratifying. The mere experience gained by each allottee engaged in the process of parcelling out an estate has been a valuable training in co-operative effort, and has broadened and diversified his interests. To many of the colonists the determining consideration in forsaking the town has been regard for their health. Ample evidence has since been forthcoming that the change has been beneficial in this respect. Thanks to their presence, social life in the districts under their influence, as manifested by churches, schools, institutes, concerts, and various recreations, has either been created or substantially reinforced. Industrial activity in the villages concerned has also been quickened, and fresh openings for labour, skilled and unskilled, provided. Without professing any hostility to the public-house, it may be taken for granted that the provision of attractive homes in a cheerful environment has also made for temperance. These results have all been attained without costing the taxpayer or the ratepayer one penny. Making due allowance for the defects inherent in a series of experiments begun by a body of amateurs, it can be safely testified that the results have been of a decidedly wholesome character, and that the undertakings promoted by the society have prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations of its founders.

JOSEPH W. WAKINSHAW.

## FROM THE FARMS.

### A REMARKABLE SALE.

EVERY year the sale at Riby Grove is remarkable, but that which took place on July 12th must have given unusual satisfaction to Mr. Henry Dudding. The most sensational price was that given for the Lincoln ram which is shown in the accompanying photograph. A keen competition took place for him between Mr. Miller of Buenos Ayres and Mr. E. H. Cartwright. The latter bid up to 1,000 guineas, but Mr. Miller was not to be denied, and carried off the Royal champion at a record price for an English sheep, viz., 1,450 guineas. In addition to this, Mr. Miller bought the winning pen of five at the Royal at an average price of £453 12s., and eight Royal Show sheep at an average of £525. Mr. Casares paid 580 guineas for the third Royal prize-winner. It will be noticed that the very cream of the flock went to Argentina. The sale of shorthorns, though not so out of the way as that of the Lincoln sheep, was still a very remarkable one, the highest price being paid for Prince Alastair, who was purchased by Mr. R. F. Pearson for 1,000 guineas to go to Buenos Ayres. In all, fifty-one head of cattle were sold, at an average of £99 4s. 8d., the average of the bulls being £134 16s. 5d., while that of the thirty-six cows, heifers, and calves was £84 8s. 2d. The proceeds of the shorthorn sale amounted altogether to £5,061. We have here, therefore, a striking illustration of the demand for our best pedigree livestock to go abroad, on which we commented in a recent number. The figures given in the Trade and Navigation Returns referring to the exportation of pedigree livestock from Great Britain make very interesting reading. The number of cattle exported up to June 30th was 2,963, as compared with 1,832 in the corresponding period of last year. The value had increased from £86,259 to £183,694. More sheep and more pigs also were exported, and there is an increase in the average price. The value of the horses exported for the first six months was £468,974, as compared with £313,371 for the corresponding period of last year. The greater proportion of these animals go to South America, but it is becoming very evident that if the breeders of the United States do not follow the example set by the farmers of the Argentine, they will find themselves face to face with a great deterioration in the quality of the beef they export. The great improvement that has taken place recently in the quality of meat from the Argentine is very well known.

### THE SHOW AT PETERBOROUGH.

Excellent weather favoured this exhibition, and hunters and hounds, Shire horses and cattle were present in good quality, and shown to advantage. There were 211 entries of hunters in seventeen classes, a bay gelding belonging to Mr. F. C. Colman being first in the class for heavy-weight hunters, Mr. W. Gale



J. T. Newman. WORTH HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD. Copyright.

taking a similar honour for middle-weights, and Mr. J. Drage being first for light-weights. There were 217 entries of Shires, among the exhibitors being the King, who showed three horses and won two third prizes with them. The Shire Horse Society's gold medal for the best mare or filly was won by Lord Rothschild with his famous Guelder Rose, bred by Sir James Blyth. The champion prize went to Mr. Michaeler for his three year old filly Paillon Sorias. Mr. F. W. Griffin was winner of a prize of £30 for the best mare or filly the property of a tenant farmer of the district. He had won it twice before, so that it now becomes his property. The King showed four shorthorns, one of which, Royal Carlisle, received second prize. The Duke of Buccleuch's prize for the best bull went to Mr. Miller, while Sir Oswald Mosley received the champion prize for the best heifer or cow. In the class for Lincolnshire shorthorns Lord Amherst of Hackney and Sir Walter Corbet divided the honours. A very good show of sheep was distinguished chiefly by the excellence of the Lincolns. In pigs Sir Gilbert Greenall scored heavily. From



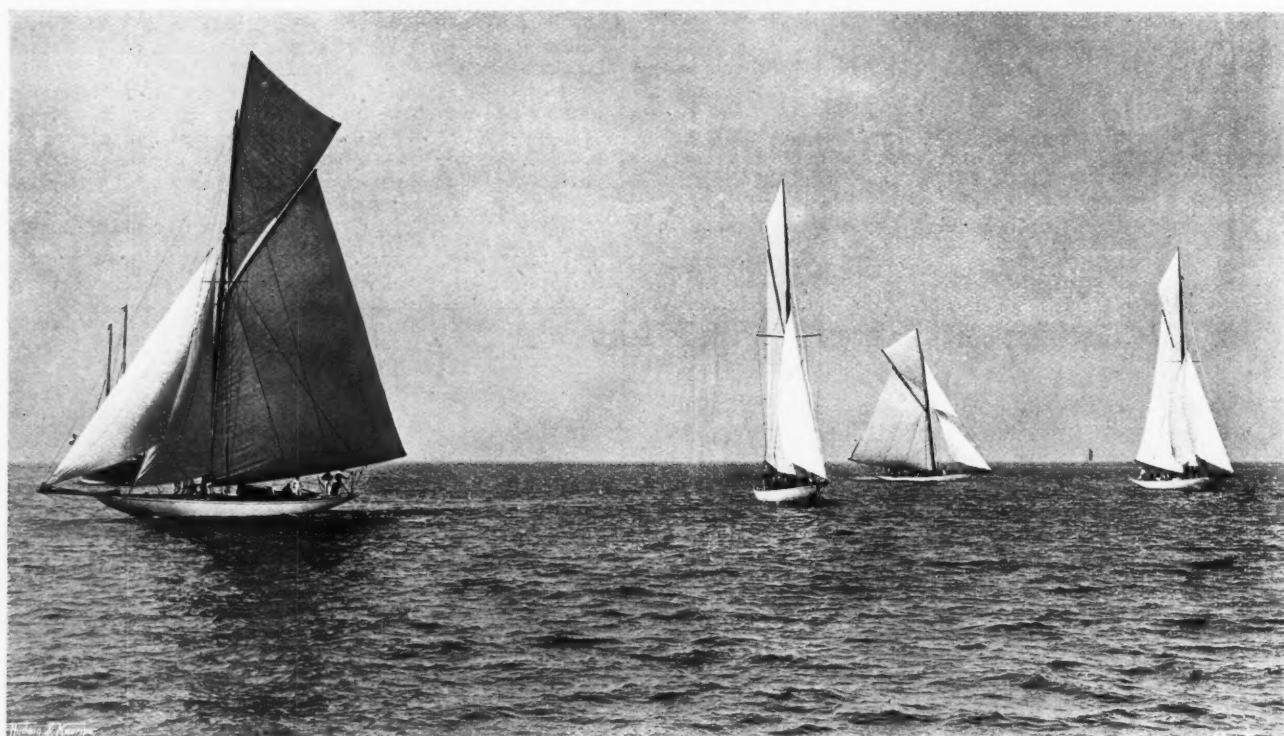
every point of view the show was agreeable to the visitors and highly successful in every way.

#### PRESERVATIVES IN MILK.

It is satisfactory to know that the Local Government Board has decided to interdict the use of preservatives in milk. A circular has been issued to authorities under the Sale of Food and Drugs Act, which points out that important evidence has recently been given before the Departmental Committee, which led to the conclusion that the use of preservatives in milk is not necessary even in hot weather, or for the purpose of distributing it over such a large town as London. A number of suggestions are given for the direction of public analysts. These latter are to record in their quarterly reports how many milk samples have been examined for the quarter with a view to ascertaining the substances commonly in use as preservatives, and with what result. They have to report on samples which have been found to contain any added preservatives. The Board further suggests that the Council should notify to milk traders, by circular

or otherwise, what action will be taken under the Food and Drugs Act in instances where preservatives are reported to have been found in milk. In an important clause attention has been directed to the methods that may be adopted by milk dealers to evade the Act. For instance, a notice or label may be issued that the vendor does not sell milk as such, or that its quality in regard to preservatives or other constituents is not guaranteed. In this case the Board desires that the milk should be carefully analysed, with a view to ascertaining the condition of such milk in regard to preservatives. From many points of view the Local Government Board deserves to be supported in this action. It is very evident that, if the use of preservatives is prohibited, there can be little danger of the development of the importation of milk, which has always been a threat to British farmers. It would be impossible to send fresh milk from the Continent of Europe without using preservatives of one kind or another, and it is undesirable that cheap milk, produced under conditions over which this country can exercise no control, should be brought into competition with the home product.

## YACHTING.



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LEAVING THE NORE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE matches of the Royal Thames Yacht Club from the Nore to Dover form a pleasing annual event, of which for several years past we have been in the habit of showing some illustrations. Whatever may be the character of the sailing, and, needless to say, it is generally of a high character, there can be no question about the pleasure of the trip when the weather is as fine as it was on Saturday last. Perhaps it would have been more interesting had a little more wind prevailed, but it was ideal for the purpose of obtaining a breath of those ozone-laden breezes that travel over the Channel. As much can be seen from the number of spectators that were attracted to witness the racing. Many of those present must be familiar to all who take an interest in this meeting, and they were of one accord in declaring how charming the trip was. The only ground of complaint lay in the fact that the yachts, as they have had a tendency to do for several seasons back, came in very late. But this was the only drawback to the enjoyment of the day. On the card there were four events, two being class races and two handicaps. In all twenty boats had entered, and there was a capital attendance on the General Steam Navigation Company's Oriole, which went out with the yachts on Saturday and returned to London on Sunday. As we have hinted, the weather was by no means favourable for racing. A very slight breeze blew from the north-west, but it was so very light that the progress was extremely slow. After passing the Tongue it freshened to some extent, but changed its direction to the south-west, which put an end to any hope that might be felt of an early finish. The chief race was for yachts of any rig exceeding 79ft. linear rating. The first prize in this

case was £100. It was presented by the Commodore, Mr. Theodore Pim. The second prize was £25, and the course was from the Nore to Dover, outside the Goodwins. The three boats entered, Kariad, White Heather, and Nyria, have often been seen in the same competition before. In the betting, to use the phraseology of the ring, Nyria started a slight favourite, as she has been performing well at Harwich recently. In the light breeze, however, in which the boats were compelled to run with spinnakers, there was no great chance of testing their merits. It was nearly as bad after they had passed the Tongue, when the breeze blew dead against them, and was aided in its efforts by the tide, which was running very strongly. The favourite, Nyria, won, with Kariad second. Kariad really made the best time, but was unable to concede the allowance due to Nyria. The second race was for yachts of any rig exceeding 50 tons Thames measurement, for which the first prize was £50, presented by the Rear-Commodore, Almeric Paget, Esq.; the second prize was £20, and the third £10, the course being the same as that for the first race. The entries were: Moonbeam, a yawl of 67 tons belonging to Mr. C. P. Johnson; Creole, a cutter of 54 tons belonging to Lieutenant-Colonel Villiers Bagot; Rosamond, a cutter of 63 tons belonging to Mr. A. K. Stothert; Merrymaid, a cutter of 107 tons belonging to Mr. J. E. Terry; Fiona, a cutter of 80 tons belonging to Mr. Henry M. Rait; and Betty, a yawl of 92 tons belonging to Mr. L. Hamilton Benn. Merrymaid allowed Rosamond 13min. 30sec., Creole 16min. 12sec., Moonbeam 19min. 48sec., Betty 24min. 18sec., and Fiona 35min. 6sec. On the run down from the Tongue, Merrymaid soon got a good lead, which she kept to the



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## RACING ROUND THE TONGUE.

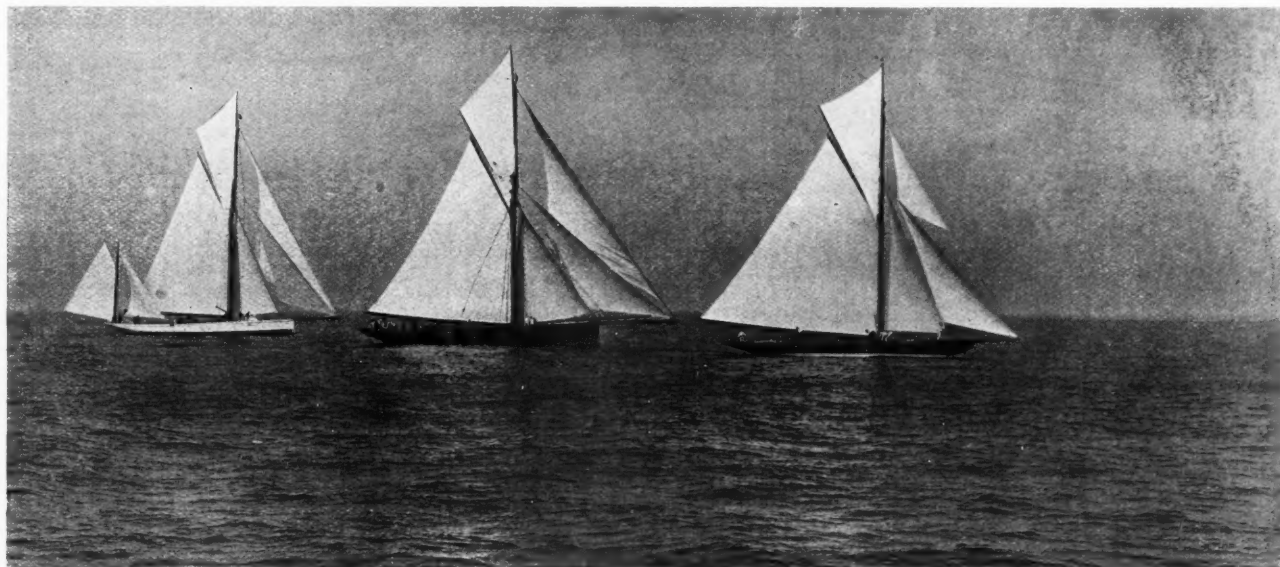
"COUNTRY LIFE."

finish. She showed best in her windward work after passing the Tongue. Creole beat Rosamond, and secured second prize. The finishing times were: Merrymaid, 8hr. 16min. 17sec.; Creole, 9hr. 4min. 34sec.; Rosamond, 9hr. 5min. 23sec.; Moonbeam, 9hr. 15min. 6sec.; Betty, 9hr. 34min. 16sec. The third race was for yachts of the 52ft. linear rating class, the first prize being £40, and the second prize £10. For this race the entries were: Sonya, a cutter, 52 rating, belonging to Mrs. Turner Farley; Britomart, a cutter, 52 rating, belonging to Mr. W. P. Burton; and Moyana, a cutter, 52 rating, belonging to Mr. J. W. Leuchars. They took the 48-mile course inside the Goodwins, starting punctually at ten minutes past eleven. Britomart led Moyana across the line, with Sonya to the leeward. The last-mentioned, however, got the lead before reaching the Tongue, but lost a little on the beat home, although she still got home first, the times being: Sonya, 8hr. 12min. 23sec.; Britomart, 8hr. 13min. 50sec.; Moyana, 8hr. 15min. 46sec. The fourth race was for yachts of any rig of not less than 25 and not exceeding 50 tons Thames measurement. The first prize was £25, the second £10, and the third £5. The course was the same as in the previous race. The yachts were to be steered by members of a recognised yacht club, the entries being as follows: Gauntlet, a cutter of 37 tons belonging to Mr. H. Goldie and Mr. J. R. Payne; Camellia, a cutter of 45 tons belonging to Mr. G. N. E. Hall-Say; Induna, a cutter of 37 tons belonging to Mr. Noel T. Kershaw; Senga, a cutter of 37 tons belonging to Mr. George Terrell; Viera, a cutter of 36 tons belonging to Messrs. F. and C. H. Last; Lafone, a cutter of 38 tons belonging to Mr. G. H. Moore Browne; Nan, a cutter of 29 tons belonging to Mr. C. H. Holland; and Flame, a cutter of 33 tons belonging to Messrs. W. J. and J. H. Cundell. In the race, Mr. J. R. Payne's

Gauntlet allowed Mr. G. Hall-Say's Camellia 1min. 36sec., Mr. N. T. Kershaw's Induna 8min., Mr. George Terrell's Senga 8min. 48sec., Messrs. F. and C. H. Last's Viera 9min. 36sec., Mr. G. H. M. Browne's Lafone 12min., Messrs. W. J. and J. H. Cundell's Flame 28min., and Mr. C. H. Holland's Nan 30min. 24sec. Gauntlet at the start led across the line, and kept the lead from the start through the Prince's Channel, but when they came altogether again at the Tongue Camellia led by nearly 5min., though in the end Gauntlet won, the times being: Gauntlet, 8hr. 17min. 11sec.; Viera, 8hr. 34min. 29sec.; Camellia, 8hr. 44min. 48sec.; Induna, 8hr. 52min. 39sec.; Senga, 8hr. 55min. 10sec.; and Lafone, 8hr. 55min. 23sec.

## THE DEARTH OF BROOD MARES.

IN the House of Lords on Monday night there was a very interesting debate, initiated by the Earl of Donoughmore, on horse-breeding. The facts are simple enough. For some time past the foreign demand for good mares appears to have been on the increase, and thus the very best animals in our studs are being steadily drained off to supply foreign stables. This is a serious matter for the War Office to consider, especially as another source of supply is in danger of being cut off. The Duke of Portland pointed out, with great truth, how it seems in every way possible and probable that the increase in the number of omnibuses and other public vehicles driven by mechanical power will supersede horses. In that case, an emergency would find the War Office deprived of that reserve of omnibus horses



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## MAKING FOR THE GOODWINS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



which proved so useful during the South African War. The remedy he suggested was that the Government should purchase horses at the age of two years, and thus give a stimulus to the business of breeding them. It would also enable the animals to be properly trained for their work. Lord Ribblesdale lent his support to the contention, at the same time expressing a considerable amount of confidence in the Board of Agriculture and its Minister.

To all this Earl Carrington's reply was, practically speaking, a plea of poverty. As an ex-officer and a Master of Hounds, he has had himself so large an experience in horse-breeding that it was scarcely possible that he could be otherwise than in sympathy with the views put forward by the Earl of Donoughmore and the Duke of Portland. But he objected to the proposition to buy young horses, on the ground that thereby a great deal of expense would be incurred, and he recalled the fact that the committee appointed to consider the subject some years ago recommended that horses should be purchased at the age of five years. Thus he cast the responsibility upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, if horse-breeding is to receive solid encouragement, will obviously have to provide the means for the purpose. Thus the debate in appearance did not produce any definite result; but as the Marquess of Londonderry remarked, it will, at least, have the effect of directing the attention of the public, and especially of farmers and others, to a very important subject.

No doubt there are some farmers to whom it will appeal. The majority are not likely to take up the breeding of this class of stock with any enthusiasm. If they raise horses it is much more profitable to confine their attention to the varieties used for draught. From two years till the age of five a Shire or Clydesdale is able to earn his own living on a farm, and is far from being an expense to keep. But anything in the shape of a thorough-bred cannot be worked on the farm, and is likely to eat up the profit before he is sold.

## LADIES FENCING AT HURLINGHAM.

THE lady fencers who took part in the Third Annual International Ladies' Fencing Competition, which was held at Hurlingham on Saturday last, are sincerely to be congratulated upon the excellence of their display. One and all showed that they had known how to profit by the skilled tuition of their instructors, and, taken as a whole, the foil play may be said to have been correct, and conducted within the academic principles of the art of fencing. Quite apart from the fascination of the game, there is, perhaps, no form of physical exercise which is better adapted for women than fencing. For growing girls in particular the use of the foil is an invaluable aid to ease of movement, graceful carriage, and the general development of the figure. It may be well, however, to point out that children should always be taught to fence with the left hand as well as the right, so that

both sides of the body and legs may be equally developed. There is a noticeable disposition on the part of the majority of lady fencers to overdo the "lunge." It is evident that, other things being equal, a long lunge is a desirable quality in a fencer; but the mere length of the lunge is no measure of its value. The lunge is the highest and final expression of the attack, and much, if not all, of its deadliness depends upon the precision and, above all, the "timing" of its delivery. But even at the extreme limit of the lunge, the body and limbs should be so balanced and under control

that an easy and immediate recovery is possible. It is bad enough to see a man sprawling about in an awkward endeavour to recover from the lunge, but infinitely worse when a woman is the offender. There is no royal road to success in fencing; some folks have greater natural aptitude for it than others, but no one can hope to become proficient in the use of the foils without continual practice, a rigid adherence to correctness of position, and a determination to arrive at great accuracy in all movements of attack and defence. The art of fencing consists largely in the ability to deceive the sword of the opponent. To do this great delicacy of touch is necessary, and in this respect, at all events, women are superior to men. One of the simplest movements executed with the sword is the "disengagement," yet it is, perhaps, one of the most difficult to perform correctly.

Merignac, one of the most famous of fencers, and father of the present distinguished swordsman of that name, would score time after time, and even against good fencers, with a simple disengagement, so that *Un dégagement de Merignac* became

almost a proverb in the fencing world, so light was the touch, so instantaneous the *absence d'effort*, and so absolutely *en ligne* the attack. That ladies are taking up the art of the *arme blanche* is surely for the good of English fencing. It will not be long before they make us look to our laurels, and it is at least undoubted that they will add to what is certain to become a favourite pastime no small portion of that grace and refinement which are among the prerogatives of their sex, and which can be displayed to such advantage in competitions of this kind, whether in some *salle d'armes* or on the greensward out of doors.

T. H. B.

## THE WEEK'S CRICKET.

THE completion of the great match at Lord's between the Gentlemen and the Players is the high-water mark of the cricket season. It is impossible to say that this great match is quite the same as it was thirty years ago, because county cricket has been mounted on such a pedestal of importance that nothing can dethrone it except the best matches when the Australians are with us. But we may all venture to hope that if the cricket in future is anything like so good as it was this year, the London public will never allow this match to die out altogether. The amateur side was weakened by the absence of Mr. Jones, and the Players still more so by that of Hirst, undoubtedly the best all-round man in England, to say nothing of Arnold. There is just a suspicion abroad that



MISS C. DURAND.

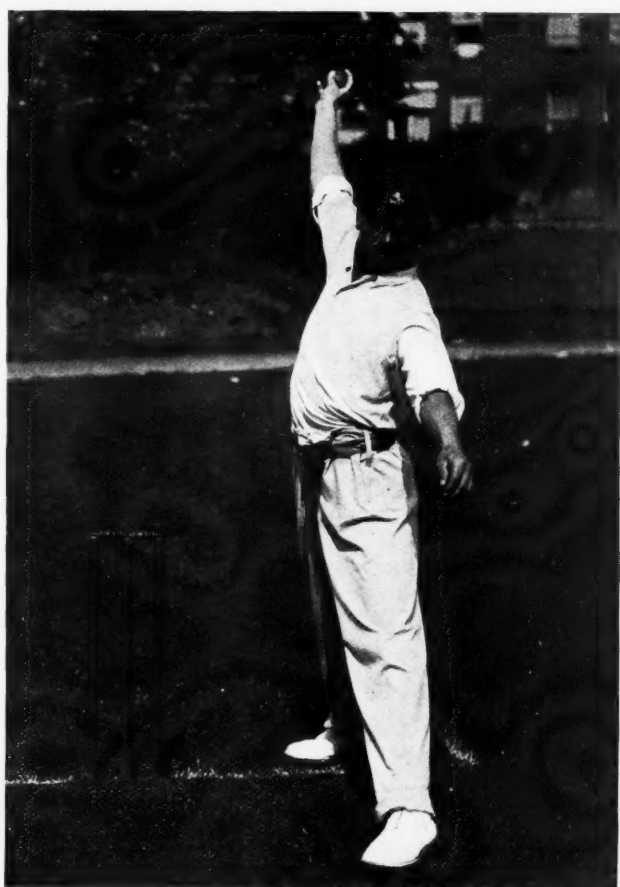


MISS JOHNSON (ON LEFT) AND MISS ASHTON.

County cricket is so important, and of so arduous a character, that players are inclined to use the three days devoted to Gentlemen and Players for another purpose, viz., that of rest. This, if true, is highly improper, for instead of Gentlemen and Players giving way to County cricket, the latter ought to give way to Gentlemen and Players. It is well known that the Players receive a special and larger honorarium for Gentlemen and Players than they do for any County match; and the famous old match, which has been played at Lord's in one shape or another for a century, ought to hold such a position and reputation that every professional and amateur ought never to dream of asking to be excused from playing except on the one ground of illness or injury.

Of the match itself, it was a triumph for fast bowlers, and of Lord's as a cricket ground. Even the most fervent admirer of Trent Bridge and Kennington Oval must admit that in and after fine, hot weather, the match just concluded was, as a display of all-round cricket skill, far superior to what probably would have been shown at Trent Bridge and the Oval.

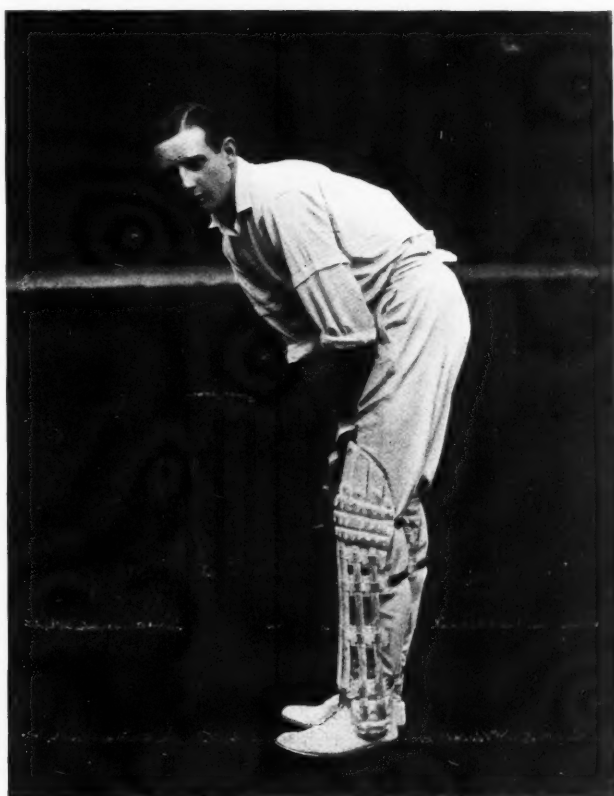
Nobody can say that on those grounds the bowlers have, on fast wickets, a fair chance given them. It was otherwise at Lord's; there was a bit of fire and devil in the wicket that succeeded admirably for the purpose of bringing bowlers and



FIELDER.

batsmen on fairly equal terms. The run-getting was quite sufficient, and there was no time during the whole match when the depressing feeling prevailed that a draw was certain. Batsmen felt, let us hope, that they had done something meritorious when they had scored 30 runs, and it is no exaggeration to say that to have got this score at Lord's in Gentlemen and Players this year was more creditable to the batsman than 100 would have been against the same bowling at the Oval.

This brings us to Mr. Spooner's innings—the great batting feat of the match. It must be confessed that to some of us it was a refreshing sight to see the old-fashioned methods of hitting once again. Some of us are a little tired of the leg glance and behind the wicket play of the present day. It is due largely to the example of Prince Ranjitsinhji, and no doubt it is a great test of quickness of wrist and feet. At the same time, it is a gratifying sight to see a ball on the legs or just outside the leg stump, and on the leg stump, driven to the on instead of the batsman jumping in front of his wicket and gliding the ball to leg. Mr. Spooner hit the ball where it was natural to suppose it would be hit, and everybody should feel grateful for the many times he did this. When to this is added the incomparable charm of style that attends every movement of this cricketer the result is as near perfection as is possible. Mr. Jessop's innings



MR. R. H. SPOONER.

was Mr. Jessop's, and it is quite true to say that nobody else in the world could have played it, while Hayward played like a real master. Hayward is such a consummate judge of length that he does not run so much risk of being l.b.w. as most players, for the ball always seems to hit the middle of the bat, as it did in the case of Mr. A. P. Lucas; but at the same time it is to be wished that he would not get quite so much in front.

Lastly, the triumph of the fast bowlers was complete. Many years ago Dr. W. G. Grace said that only one fast bowler was ever wanted for a side; anybody could play fast bowling,



MR. N. A. KNOX.





THE PLAYERS IN THE FIELD; GUNN BOWLING.

he said, but slow bowling was very different. Mr. Grace argued too much from his own experience. It was perfectly true that in his prime there was hardly a fast bowler who was anything but easy to him. Freeman and J. C. Shaw on Lord's were, perhaps, exceptions. Our present-day cricketers have had too much of Trent Bridge wickets. When they get a wicket like Lord's this year, fast bowling is quite good enough, notwithstanding the fact that nobody can pretend that, good as Fielder and Mr. Knox are, they are as good as Freeman, Richardson, and Lockwood were. Keep away from the artificial preparation of wickets, and fast bowling will come to its own again; and it is a good thing for batsmen to have to realise the fact that batting is a finer art when batsmen have to play the ball where it actually is, than where it ought to be, and was, on the bread-and-butter wickets of ten years ago.

The lovers of cricket must have been hard to please if they were not satisfied with the University match and Gentlemen and Players; but in some respects the finish of Eton and Harrow was the most exciting of all, at any rate, to Old Etonians and Old Harrovians. To the boys the Eton and Harrow match is the great event of the year, and they cheerfully undergo fatigues that older cricketers, with their numerous days of cricket, are quite unable to sustain; and on the second day of the Eton and Harrow match, play, with the usual intervals, lasted from eleven to nearly seven, and it was well known that they would have gone on till half-past seven to bring about a definite result. The critical period of the match was Harrow's second innings, when,

with the stronger and more dangerous batting side, they had to go in on a perfect wicket 135 runs in arrears. In these days this is not very much thought of, but the strange thing happened, for Harrow almost fell to pieces, and the Etonians, though their best bowler in spite of bowling well did not succeed, bowled well. Mr. Sprot not only clean bowled two, almost the best Harrow batsmen, Mr. Bird and Mr. Eiloart, but thoroughly defeated them, and Mr. Finch-Hatton brought out two good balls from his locker when he bowled Mr. Brandt and Mr. Crake. There would have been an absolute collapse but for Mr. Falcon and Mr. Griffin; but when Eton had only to get 95 to win it seemed all over. What would all games be if the nervous system was like some blunt unbreakable substance that never gave way? Three wickets soon fell, and if Mr. Gregory had failed, Eton would probably have been beaten. The difference in quality between the Harrow

bowling in the second innings as compared to the first was, indeed, surprising, and why Mr. Eiloart was not made more use of in the first innings is a difficult question to answer. Mr. Gregory's batting was splendid, but still, when he got out, only four wickets remained, and 25 runs were wanted. Unfortunately for Harrow, Mr. Brandt, who had kept wicket superbly, dropped a critical catch, and Eton won. A splendid finish, and everybody sympathised with Mr. Brandt; but it may comfort him to be told that Lilley did precisely the same thing in 1896 in the great Test Match at Manchester, when Richardson nearly brought off a grand coup for England. It was a fine struggle, and both sides stuck to their work in grim earnest.



SOME OF THE HARROW TEAM.



LONDON AT LORDS.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

AT the present moment we are in the midst of one of those periodical outbursts of discussion concerning food. Plentiful evidence is afforded by the various catering companies that ideas and theories on the subject are taking the definite and practical form of a return to dishes of greater simplicity than were fashionable before the movement began. So many dogmatic opinions are expressed and propagated, that those who, without being fanatics, desire to order their lives intelligently in regard to the food they eat, will be glad to turn to a scientific authority like M. A. Gautier, whose *Diet and Dietetics* (Constable) has constantly been translated into English by Dr. A. J. Rice-Oxley. The work is a very learned one, and we may as well say here that it is not our intention to attempt any criticism of the innumerable analyses contained in it. The broad result only concerns the reader who wishes to have sound guidance in regard to diet, without caring to devote a large proportion of his time to what, after all, is a mere detail of existence. There are certain main propositions to which he would like an answer. On one side he is admonished by certain zealous reformers to give up meat and confine himself to a vegetable diet. M. Gautier, who carries out the Apostle's injunction to be temperate in all things, does not endorse the teaching of the vegetarian. He quite recognises that a man may be strong without eating meat. The street porters of Salonica and Constantinople live chiefly on rice and figs, and drink water or lemonade, yet it was their strength which gave rise to the saying, "as strong as a Turk." Many men and women have become better in health after adopting a vegetarian diet, and it serves as a check to arthritic, gouty, or rheumatic diathesis. Morally speaking, it tends to produce softness and gentleness of manners. Need we recall the fact that "the mild Hindoo" is a vegetarian? The main disadvantage is that "in order to obtain a vegetable alimentation sufficiently nutritive and varied, the vegetarian is obliged to have recourse sooner or later to exaggerated weights of food." This our author properly describes "as a method of alimentation all the more fatiguing for the stomach and alimentary canal because it encumbers them with a quantity of useless matters. The herbiferous animal is constructed so as to digest vegetables, but man digests them very incompletely and more laboriously." To some extent the difficulty has been got over by using a mixed vegetarian diet, which is still further varied by milk, eggs, fatty bodies, cheese, sugar, and wine. In this shape the diet is well fitted to a passive and peace-loving race, but M. Gautier does not recommend it to those who are hard-working and energetic. Luckily, no band of prophets has yet risen to urge us to confine our eating exclusively to meat. And yet an exclusive meat diet has in certain circumstances been tried and not found wanting. Says our author:

Some men obliged to live a very fatiguing life, the trappers and hunters of the pampas of America and Siberian steppes, the inhabitants of very cold climates, the fishermen living on the banks of the frozen sea, etc., can eat almost exclusively, without suffering from it, enormous quantities of meat or fish, but on two conditions—that the meat be accompanied by its fat, and that the individual subjected to this diet lead a very active life in the open air.

Darwin relates that the Gauchos of the American pampas live for months on the fat meat of the oxen they watch over. The Esquimaux can get along very well by eating from 5lb. to 6lb. per day of reindeer or seal's flesh, so long as it is not too lean, but contains a due proportion of fat. These facts might furnish some argument for an exclusive meat diet, but our author is antagonistic to exaggeration in this respect as in the other. He observes quite properly that "the well-to-do classes are only too carnivorous," and his own recommendation is that the best food for the general is a judicious mixture of meat and vegetables. From a bill of fare that he draws up for the obese, wherein he closely follows Mr. A. Robin, it will be seen that he takes a fairly liberal view of a man's requirements. He would begin in the morning by giving him who has to say, like Sir John, "Old do I wax and fat," at eight o'clock an egg, some lean meat, and a very small quantity of bread, following this up at ten o'clock with a couple of eggs, a still smaller quantity of bread, and a glass of wine well diluted with water. At twelve o'clock he would give him some lean meat and bread and vegetables and another glass of wine diluted with water. At four o'clock he recommends tea without sugar and nothing to eat with it. At seven o'clock the patient is to dine on a fair quantity of lean meat, taken with bread and butter and vegetables. He does not seem to allow any wine with this last meal, but he remarks that such a regimen only corresponds to 1,290 calories per day, and as the average adult loses from 2,100 to 2,200 calories per day he will have to make up about 900 calories from the combustion of stored-up fats. Another crucial question about diet is in regard to the use of alcohol. It

is unfortunate that this question has become mixed up with a great deal of partisan feeling, so that its discussion is very seldom carried on with unbiassed coolness. Here again, however, M. Gautier finds the *via media*. He points out with great force the evils of over-indulgence, but he does not go to the other extreme. It is curious, by the by, that while he dismisses Scotch whisky in a single line, he has much that is interesting to say on brandy, which would show, if nothing else did, that he wrote in France. Of good cognac he says:

The perfume of this exquisite drink is due chiefly to the ethers which are produced in it, to the essences pre-existing in the grape, and to a feeble trace of hydropyridic alkaloids, sweet but poisonous in a larger dose.

He gives a most interesting analysis of an authentic cognac twenty-five years old. Nevertheless, he regrets that the consumption of it should be increasing in France, and that in Africa, America, and Australia the abuse of spirituous liquors is in a fair way to destroy entire populations. The remedy that he proposes is that of providing a healthy and sufficient diet, with facilities for obtaining a light wine and beer cheaply. Of cider he says it is an excellent drink, and he recommends it to plethoric, arthritic, and gouty people. Beer also receives an encomium. It was made and drunk by the Egyptians at the dawn of civilisation, and ever since has been subjected to improving processes. Good beer, he says, makes "an agreeable healthy and perfumed drink." In another passage he says:

A good beer constitutes a refreshing drink, very agreeable, nutritive by its extract, by its nitrogenous principles as much as by its alcohol, its phosphates, its dextrins; tonic by its bitter substances, diuretic; stimulating by its carbonic acid, light to the stomach.

At the same time, he warns us against any abuse of this divine gift. In regard to wine our author is equally encouraging. He says that the danger of alcoholism existing in France, as everywhere in Europe, is due not to the consumption of wine, but to its very slight use, and all who have given any intelligent study to the question will regret the tendency recently displayed by workmen to replace wine and beer by strong and coarse stimulants. For people who reside in damp, cold, and marshy countries he recommends generous wines and even alcohol. He says also that fermented beverages are for the adult who works hard and is badly fed, the convalescent who is recovering, the old man who is decaying, the workman and sailor who are in need of warmth. These, then, are the opinions of a scientific student on two points which are much disputed. On the general question of adapting regimen to the age and functions of the individual he is both sound and interesting. Milk is the natural food of the newly born, and it is best when obtained from the mother. In view of the great attention which has been lately directed to the infant mortality, which is certainly due in some measure to the reluctance of women to suckle their offspring, it is interesting to note what are his recommendations. If a woman's milk is not procurable, the best substitute is that of an ass or of a mare. Where these are not obtainable, cow's milk is to be used. It should be obtained from a cow three or four years old.

## SHOOTING.

### PROSPECTS OF STALKING.

THE accounts of the wintering of the deer (by which term has to be understood the manner in which they have withstood, or have failed to withstand, the far worse trials of the spring) are a little conflicting, but on the whole, unfortunately, there is a large consensus of opinion that they have not been doing satisfactorily. The prolonged snow of the spring was too much for them, a large number perished, and although on those forests where winter feeding is only resorted to when natural food fails the loss was chiefly among the hinds, which do not come down to the food as readily as the stags, still in Scotland generally there has, no doubt, been a heavy loss of both sexes of the deer. What is almost worse, on some forests the calves have been such poor specimens that it has been thought best for the welfare of the stock to kill them off as soon as born. Certainly, however, on one forest at least of those on which this very heroic and expensive remedy has been adopted, the weakly calves seem likely to be due quite as much to inbreeding as to any cause with which the weather is connected. A great deal is said about the killing off of the best heads as a reason for the deterioration of the stock, but certainly it is possible to carry too far the principle of sparing the big stags, especially on a forest which is at all enclosed, and where the stags do not have a big range. If they are heavy beasts and good fighters they will return again and again to the same place when the rutting season comes on; the hinds, as is well known, are fond of keeping to their own ground, and the inevitable consequence must be a very close inbreeding which can-



not fail to do harm to the stock. On an enclosed forest, or on an island forest (which is practically the same thing) it is obvious that there must be a strong necessity to import new blood every few years, and it is a necessity which the policy of sparing the big stags makes only the stronger. By the time they have grown old enough and big enough to be at all remarkable, they must have done much already to impress their own good qualities on the stock, and the advantage of leaving them to a scarcely disputed ownership of the same hinds year after year is rather doubtful. But no doubt the severities of the spring weather have much to do with the weakness of the calves on many forests this year. For their future welfare the best prospect is that the pasture is more than usually abundant. Sir Allan Mackenzie says that he does not remember ever seeing it better in Glenmuick, and, generally speaking, there is an agreement that it is above the average. At Glenmuick, too, what seems to be a peculiarity of the year is seen very conspicuously; namely, that while the majority of the stags are late, some are more than usually forward. The explanation of this which Sir Allan Mackenzie hazards is that the early deer are those which obtained most of the hand feeding in the days of hard stress. The winter was not at all severe, and until the spring snow came it is pretty certain that the majority of the deer were well forward in condition. But then came the snow and the privation. Those which got the hand feeding would not suffer very badly from this; but the fact that they fared so well meant, virtually, that the weaklings did not get their fair share. If this is not the true cause of the abnormal forwardness of some and backwardness of others, it is, at all events, a supposition which commends itself as reasonable, and one does not find a better. The general opinion seems to be that on most of the forests the stags are likely to be late in coming into condition; but there are many weeks yet to intervene before the stalking, and when the deer get such good pasture as it seems certain that they will get this year, they put on condition very fast.

Nothing perhaps shows more clearly how dependent deer are on the quality and quantity of their pasture than the difference between the deer of the Lewes, let us say, and those of the more southern islands on the West Coast, where the conditions with regard to inbreeding and so forth are so very similar, but where the pasture is a good deal richer. Although labouring under the same disadvantages, the deer of the more southern islands are distinctly finer in type, and it is nearly safe to infer that their superiority is mainly due to the better feeding. Despite the northern latitude of the Lewes, the winters there are not nearly as rigorous as they are on parts of the mainland, and though the rainfall is heavy, it is no more severe than in some of those islands where the deer fare much better. The richer feeding appears, therefore, to be the only cause left to account for their better size and condition.

So much attention is being given now to all problems connected with the improvement of the red deer stock that we may expect more experiments in their breeding and crossing to be made in parks than have been made hitherto, and from such experiments we may hope to learn many things.

#### GUNNERY.

THE question of the clean killing of game, and the choice of guns and cartridges with which to perform this desirable feat as often as possible when out shooting, involves some considerations of humanitarianism and of ethics on which we now desire, in all humility and with due caution, to say a word. We have occasionally met men—real men and good sportsmen—who have given up shooting. They were generally men past middle age. And their reason had been not because of failing eyesight, or loss of physical strength and power—far from it; but because they had taken a dislike to “killing.” They objected to the infliction for their own amusement of pain and suffering on the animal creation.

It is obviously out of place here to attempt to deal fully with the philosophy of shooting; but nevertheless some practical points are worthy of mention in relation thereto. The man who gives up shooting for humanitarian reasons commands our respect, particularly if his right hand still retains its cunning, but not our obedience. We must take the world as we find it, and accept man as a predatory animal who requires food, and also insists on field-sports as a reasonable relaxation. But we may learn a lesson or two from our humanitarian friend. Kill your game clean and avoid wounding is the first and most obvious of these lessons. If all game were killed clean, shooting would be a most merciful form of sport, to which even the wild animals themselves, if consulted, could hardly object; for they must all die some time, and Nature is far more cruel in her methods than the skilfully-directed shot that crumples up a tall rocketeer, in the prime of his strength and beauty, stone dead in the air. In this case the bird does not know what killed him, and he finishes his career without having experienced a moment's uneasiness from starvation, cold, or disease. This is the way, therefore, we all want to perform on the moor, in the grouse butt, and at the end

of the pheasant cover. Thus it appears that, on this ground alone, there is a sort of moral obligation on the sportsman to get the best-fitting gun and the hardest-killing cartridges that he can possibly obtain for his money.

Apart from the shooter's skill in the use of these lethal weapons—a subject to which we may recur later—the question of judgment of range and distance is one that does not always receive the attention it requires and deserves. It is, no doubt, a well-known weakness with large numbers of shooting-men to try and kill long shots. All of us feel the temptation at times. Our point here is that this temptation should be sternly resisted, and that, for humanitarian as well as for practical business reasons, the habit of quickly judging distances and of only firing at game when there is fair reasonable chance of killing clean should be assiduously cultivated. Anyone can fluke a long shot at times, and by a long shot we mean over 40yds. It is a fluke in this sense that, however well-directed the shot may be, over 40yds. the pellets are apt to scatter round the bird and either miss it clean or only wound it. On the other hand, a single pellet may, with luck, kill clean at 60yds. or even 70yds.; but this is not a good and sportsmanlike reason for firing at such ranges.

It is possible that the statement that over 40yds. is a long shot may be criticised. We are inclined to think that a common and very amiable weakness of shooting men is to exaggerate distances. Forty measured yards is quite a long distance; it is nearly double the distance between wickets. A rocketing pheasant flying over a pole 40yds.—120ft.—high would be looked upon by the average performer as a very tall bird, and one that it would be quite creditable to kill clean, and to keep on killing clean as opportunity presented itself. The probabilities are that the majority of game are killed within 25yds. in all ordinary forms of shooting. On the other hand, it is quite a common event to see men shooting gaily at grouse, partridges, and pheasants 50yds., 60yds., and even 70yds. away, particularly in rough shoots or on off days, when there are no hot corners, and the sportsman feels the not unusual desire to let his gun off, after a lengthy hiatus in the sport.

We deliberately repeat that this is a practice which it behoves us all sternly to repress and condemn. It is often cruel in result, for a stray pellet may wound; it wastes cartridges, and it is apt, if too frequently indulged in, to put the gunner off his shooting. It is not always an easy thing to judge distances, and to judge them quickly. A grouse butt offers, perhaps, the best opportunity for judging distance, and the least excuse for taking wild shots. In many places a stick or stone may be placed to mark not only the line of danger for neighbouring butts, but also the point in front where the first bird may be taken. There is always time for each sportsman to do this for himself before the drive begins. One of the best and most useful grouse-driving shots we have ever met always placed these marks for himself, or measured their distance if already there. He knew exactly what his gun and cartridges could do up to 35yds., but, as a matter of practice, he seldom, if ever, fired at a grouse over 25yds. His loader used to say he never even looked at a bird outside this magic circle. The consequence was that his percentage of kills to cartridges was unusually high, and most of his birds were killed clean, and there was very little hunting of runners after the drive, or following towered or wounded birds—always an annoying and troublesome business. When stationed at the end of a cover, the practised performer will generally have a very fair idea of range by taking notice beforehand of any convenient trees past or over which pheasants are likely to fly. These landmarks help one not only instinctively to judge the pace of the bird, but also, equally instinctively, to estimate more accurately the distance. The mental operations here involved are generally, with the expert, a kind of sub-conscious effort, not necessarily requiring any great intellectual strain; but the instinctive operation or calculation is there all the same. By taking a little trouble on these lines, and exercising some forethought, in addition to taking care in choice of cartridges and fit of gun, every sportsman should be able not only to do himself full justice, but also, so far as possible, to be merciful in his killing on all occasions.

H. S-K.

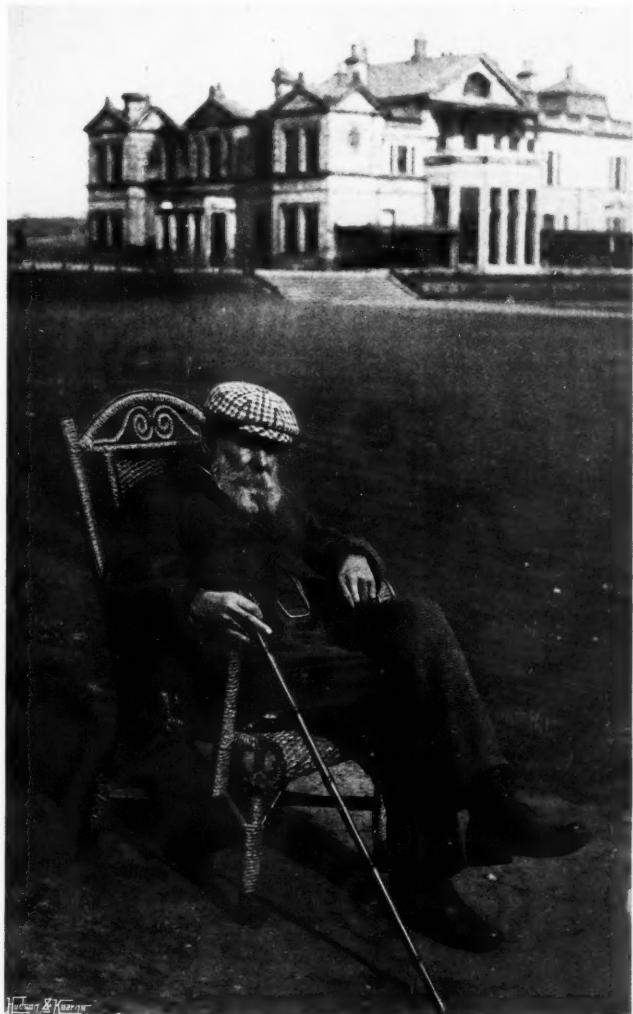
#### ON THE GREEN.

##### FIRST PRINCIPLES IN LAYING OUT COURSES.—II.

IN a former article the merit of the arrangement of bunkers *en échelon* was discussed, especially as hazards through the green, whether for tee shots, or for second shots. Another of the principles which the layer-out of a course ought to place among his guiding maxims is the merit, especially as a guard to a hole, of a bunker running out diagonally into the course, with its point which is nearest the hole farthest from the tee, or from the striker. It is well to add “or from the striker,” for it may be that it is as a guard for a two-shot hole that the bunker is arranged, or it may be as a guard for a one-shot hole. A fine example of the latter case is the diagonal bunker at the Redan

Hole at North Berwick. It is much more than likely, it is almost certain, that the great majority of people playing golf at North Berwick have played that hole again and again, have recognised repeatedly the fact that it is a very fine hole, but have never analysed its merits so as to find out wherein, particularly, they consist. I think that if they will suppose for a moment that the relative position of the bunker before the green were altered, if they will imagine it, instead of running as it does diagonally with its left-hand corner, which is furthest from the tee, nearest to the hole, and thence running out to the right into the natural course to the hole—if, instead of this, they will imagine it running straight across the course, at right angles to the line to the hole, then they will perceive at once, I think, from the comparative tameness and slight interest of this imaginary hole, that the real interest of the actual hole depends just on this fact, and no other, that the bunker does run just as it does relatively to the line of fire; that is to say, diagonally across it with its furthest corner nearest to the hole. Once that is realised, it requires only a very little further reflection to lead to the realisation of why this is such an excellent arrangement of a bunker.

It is obvious that if a man have courage, and have also the skill to hit a high ball with very little run off its pitch, he can gain an advantage over an opponent of less skill and courage who will play to the right, in order to open up the hole for the approach. Or if a player have a little more skill, and a little less courage (or, let us say, prefers to risk a somewhat more difficult shot rather than the longer carry), then he can play the ball out to the right with a pull on it, so that it has the shorter part of the bunker to carry, and may run round, when it pitches, to the hole. It is a merit of the hole that it gives these alternative



Annan.

TOM MORRIS.

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ways of playing. It is a merit also that this disposition of the bunker, running out nearly, but not quite, across the course gives the shorter driver a way in which he may go humbly and yet safely; and also with a strong wind against, such as reduces to a short driver the man who is normally a long one, then there is for him, too, a path of safety. He is not forced to the dull necessity of taking an iron club and playing short of the bunker. This kind of hazard, thus disposed, is also a good through-the-green hazard, but perhaps its merits are most obvious when it is placed as a guard of a green. And just as this hazard at the Redan runs

from left to right—that is to say, with the hole nearest its left-hand corner which is farthest from the player at the tee—so it can be equally well arranged from right to left, with the right-hand corner nearest the hole and furthest from the tee. Then all the problems are just similar but opposite, as compared with those of the Redan; a deft slicing of the ball is the alternative, in this case, to the bold and direct carrying, as a clever pull was the alternative in the other; for safety, the short driver, as the normal driver with the wind against, may go to the left, as in the other case to the right. With this difference, all is similar in the two cases.

The Redan is a very fine hole. It just fails to be ideal; what would make it ideal, in my judgment, would be if the green lay at a gentle gradient towards the player, instead of, as it does, at a slight incline away from him. As it is, when the wind is at all behind—and it has a way of being behind at that hole—it is an impossibility to stay near the hole from a high carry, and it is almost an equal impossibility to hook the ball, so as to stop it on the green, with a wind thus following. If only the green sloped away a little upward from the far edge of the bunker, it would be a very perfect hole indeed, for then a perfect shot would stop the ball close to the hole with any wind in reason, and one does not lay out holes for what is not in reason, whether in the way of wind or golfers.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### THE CASUAL MATCH.

STRIVE not lightly with strangers, lest haply they may have concealed their true handicap," runs one of our wise golfing saws. The wisdom it embodies is not only concentrated in its verity, but it shares with a great many other equally obvious truths hammered out of the experience of the reflective the common fate of being compendiously ignored. Yet at a time of the year when the majority of golfers are beginning to pack up their golf clubs in order to measure their prowess against other players on unfamiliar greens up and down the country, it might not be labour wholly lost to recall the aphorism gently to their recollection. Nothing so much upsets the dignity of the golfer as to be worsted badly in the casual match by an apparently inferior player idly hanging about the tee or the door of the club-house with a battered old club under his arm. No incident is so fitted to mar the pleasure, anticipated as well as actually enjoyed, of the entire holiday spent amid the changed playing incidents of the seaside links, for the casual match with the stranger is generally made in that optimistic spirit which hotly resents the cautious doubt that after all you might be possibly badly beaten. You stroll leisurely on to the first tee at some out-of-the-way seaside green in the holiday-time, and you find someone there who does not seem to have much of a golfing style trying an experimental shot or two with a couple of badly painted, scrubby-looking balls. The gregarious golfing instincts of your nature are stimulated to seek comradeship, for the morning is bright and cheery, the green is clear, and you would wish to have something approaching to the stress of a game. Your companion is not in the least averse from making the match, and feeling sure, like the late President Kruger, that you must inevitably come out of the struggle as "the top dog," you and he cheerily wend your devious way from tee to putting green jocund and talkative in the smooth current of your golfing joy.

But what of the final close of that casual round with the softly-spoken, debonair stranger? It is something akin to "the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast." Your spirits as a fighter have become completely dulled with misfortune and the shattering of illusions; your opponent, on the other hand, has the appetite of a keen guest whetted with victory. As you quit the home hole you whisper to yourself, much as Falstaff did on another celebrated occasion, "Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying!" for you were assured during the negotiations preceding the making of that casual match that there was a mere bagatelle of a difference between the handicaps of your opponent and your own. But the touchstone of proof revealed the fact that the self-contained, undemonstrative, slippery-eyed youth who became your casual partner on level terms could at a possibly hard pinch concede to you a third, and then take away with him at the end of the round the clinking guerdon of victory in his pocket. His clubs were not much to look at; they would scarcely excite the cupidity of a hunger-bitten caddie, for the leathers were torn, the shafts cracked and rewhipped, and, catalogued in detail, they did not go beyond a brassie, a cleek, and an iron. But the way in which the poor-looking clubs were handled was worth a good deal more than the value of the equipment. The style of the player was not showy, but it was forceful and effective. The balls were hit clean, and they were kept on the true line to the hole. The putting was exasperatingly steady with the battered old cleek—infinately better than yours could ever hope to be with the costly patent club born yesterday to solve once for all the abstruse and distracting riddle of how to hole in one shot from the edge of the green.

It is always needful to approach the casual match player warily on the strange green. He never turns out to be exactly





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what he seems. To chaffer over a handicap with him is a rich exercise in dialectical subtlety, especially if he be a casual Scot in Fifeshire. As a rule, he has taken your golfing measure a long time before the terms of the treaty are arranged, and he concedes with an air of seemingly grudging liberality what he knows perfectly well he can amply afford to offer to you. It is then that the little stake dependent on the match begins to harden under the stress to which the doctrine of genial compromise is put. That is the moment for slumbering vigilance to become wakeful; but the occasions are rare indeed when the chaffer in the casual match remembers his text in Corinthians which declares that he who "soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." In the long ago, I knew an old Scottish schoolmaster, who was an excellent golfer. He had studied the whole technique of the game with the most patient analysis. His tee shot was never more than 120yds. or 130yds.; but it was always hit clean, always certain, and always straight as a ruled line on a piece of paper. He could walk blindfolded from the tee, pace and count his 120yds., and the occasions were rare when he was out of his reckoning by more than a couple of club-lengths. All his other shots were gauged in the same way, and his style was free and easy, though not athletic. He was often a casual match player on Fife and East Lothian greens. Dressed in a black frock-coat and a tweed cap, he loved to hang about the holes playing half-a-dozen balls. But one day a strong young swiper from one of the English Universities, anxious for a round with a partner, made a casual match with the old schoolmaster, and offered him odds. These were refused, and the match was played level. Though the old man was consistently outdriven by 40yds. off the tee, he was always nearer the hole in the like, and with the old wooden putter he was much the superior player at the hole side. The end of that match—and many more of the same kind where the old schoolmaster was concerned in playing strangers—was



PLAYING TO THE SIXTH HOLE.

that the athletic University youth was badly beaten, and lost some of his holiday money as well. *Cavendo tutus.*

#### "OLD TOM."

IT is always with a feeling of recurring pride, as well as of pleasure, that the community of golfers all over the world see the portrait of old Tom Morris. The instinct of all golfers is to doff the cap in token of respect to the veteran professional, and the portrait which we publish this week of the best-known man in these islands — Mr. Balfour and the Prime Minister not excepted — will evoke many congratulations that the fine old player is still among us hale and hearty, with his golfing enthusiasm still unabated. He has celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday amid all the genial accompaniments that usually attend such an event among neighbours—"as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

#### THE CARLSBAD LINKS.

Our illustrations this week show some aspects of the new golf course at Carlsbad, which was opened for play this year. At present the holes are throughout in good playing order, the work of preparation having been largely undertaken and supervised by William Horn, the professional from the New Littlestone Club. The majority of the holes are an average drive and a pitch, and the river has to be crossed four times in the course of playing the nine holes. The links undoubtedly add a great deal of enjoyment to the otherwise monotonous life at Carlsbad.

#### A SOCIETY FOR THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.

Following the example, *longo intervallo*, of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, the Scottish Universities are arranging to band themselves



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together in a similar golfing organisation. This is undoubtedly a case wherein, like the copying of a celebrated golfer's swing, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Such a society for the fostering of the golfing spirit among University graduates in Scotland, as much on the social side as on that of affording interesting opportunities for play, has for long been spoken about. It is a familiar habit of those who project a new scheme in golf to talk "with a long-drawn-out breath" about its virtues and its utility; but while the talking is being done amid universal signs of agreement no practical step is being taken to realise the scheme. At last, however, something like an agreement as to the basis upon which a Scottish Universities' Golfing Society should be constituted was reached about a month ago, during the tournament for the Scottish Universities' Championship at Leven. The representatives of Edinburgh University took the lead, and a committee was promptly appointed to deal with the subject and to formulate a scheme. It has been agreed, therefore, to form a golfing society among the University graduates of Scotland, similar to that which has done such valuable work in many channels among the old students of the English Universities. A matriculated student of a Scottish University "who is a good golfer" will be eligible for membership as a start, but the intention is to make the rules of admission more stringent by admitting only scratch players and former members of a University golf club. The object is to foster match play, not only between the teams of the other Scottish Universities, but also with the members of Oxford and Cambridge. The secretaries are at present enrolling the names of former Scottish graduates. From the golfing as well as from the social point of view such a society, it would seem, cannot fail to be of the highest value in cementing old classroom friendships and in promoting the best traditions of the game.

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